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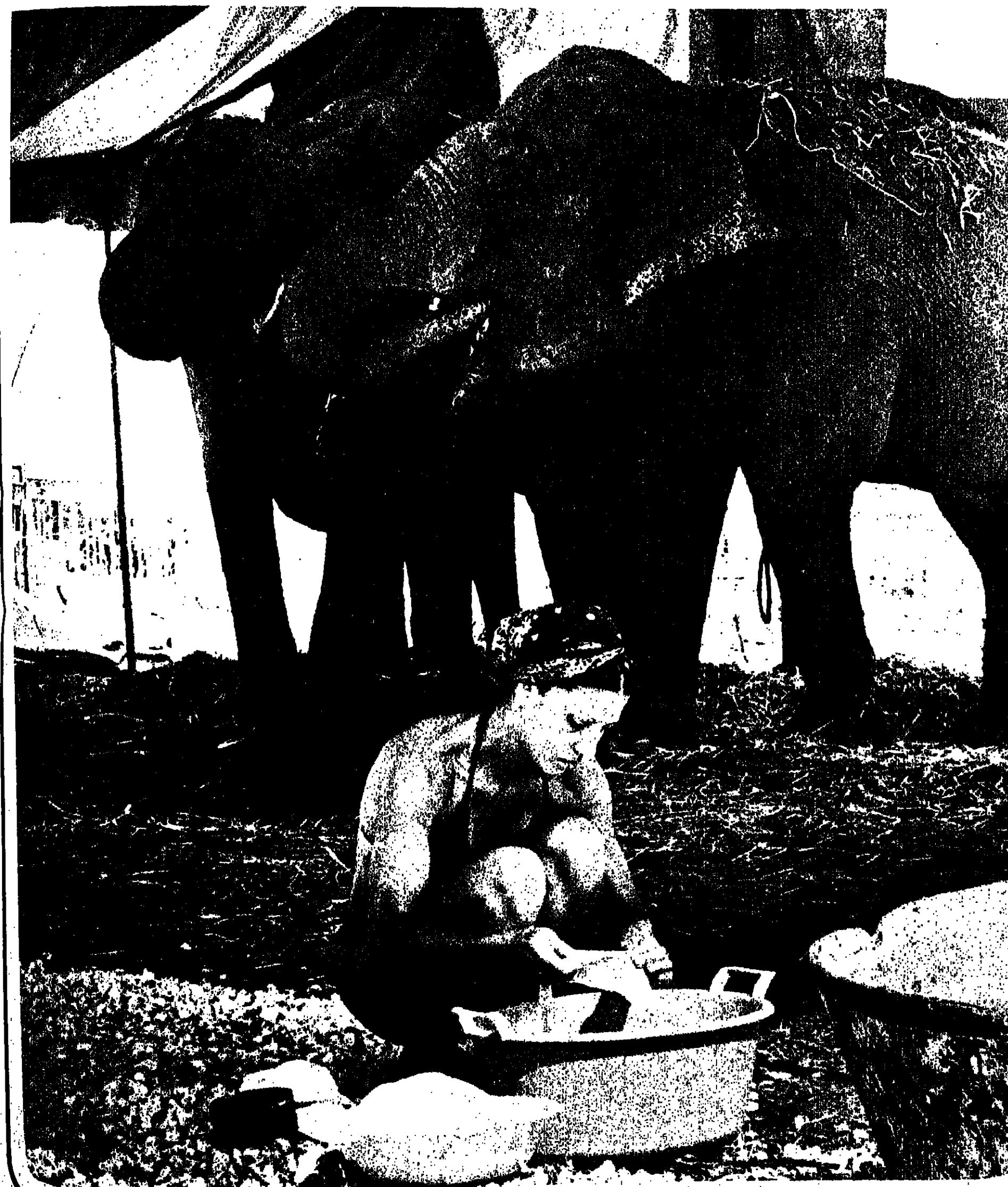
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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, September 2, 1977

Behind the Big Top

Page 10



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הכרזה מן הארץ

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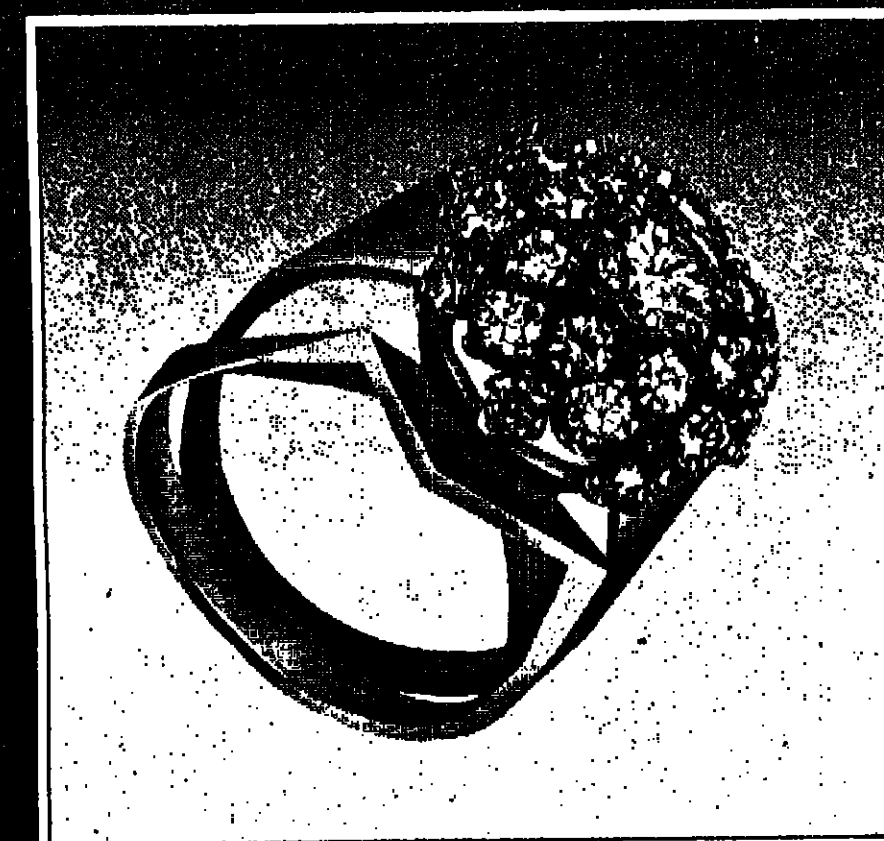
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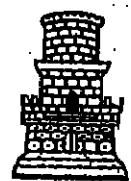
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מגדל בנין

SOME MIDDLE EAST observers must have been amused by the surprise that politicians, especially in Israel, displayed after the Palestine Liberation Organization last weekend renewed its rejection of the 1987 UN Security Council Resolution 242.

The PLO leaders "have shown their true colours," said the politicians. They sounded like they had rediscovered America. But those true colours were always there. The PLO has always opposed 242, which in one of its focal clauses guarantees the sovereignty of every state in the region, including Israel. The PLO has always wanted that resolution transformed into a new formula heralding the establishment of a Palestinian state in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip — as a first step towards its ultimate goal of a larger state in all of what was Mandatory Palestine, including Israel.

It should be no secret to the same politicians that even President Anwar Sadat's Egypt — "the most moderate and pro-peace Arab state" — goes along with that PLO formulation. The Egyptians are more subtle; they avoid sounding extremist and merely say that the PLO should settle for a mini-state now and "then develop a dialogue with Israelis" — presumably pacifists — for the creation of a greater "secular Palestinian state."

It is from this fact that questions, which some Israelis find rude, are derived. Among them: Why eliminate the PLO from the process of pursuing a settlement and work with Egypt, particularly since Sadat makes himself available to a Cairo-brand of Middle East peace only if Israel capitulates and agrees to a total pullback to the pre-1967 frontiers, and the establishment of a Palestinian state in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip?

Amid its "peace" overtures, Egypt keeps on proclaiming its readiness to strike Israel "in depth" if the latter does not accept Cairo's version of a settlement. Similarly, Syria and Jordan warn of "catastrophic consequences," and the PLO peddles doomsday rhetoric.

ONCE THE BUTT of political and military ridicule, the PLO has reassumed an important role in the Middle East arena. It has not been given this role because of its strength, but because of its weakness. Its military debacles in Lebanon and Jordan, and its internal disintegration, have not caused the PLO to disintegrate. It has survived every intrigue it has triggered, often despite itself.

It is worth noting that the most recent elevation of the PLO's status, during the just-concluded Middle East tour of Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, came when the PLO was at one of its lowest ebbs. It had been battered, politically and militarily, in Lebanon. It was almost ignored when Middle East Arab governments shaped their joint strategy for talks with the U.S. Above all, its claim as the exclusive representative of all Palestinian Arabs was being challenged, for the first time, by individual intellectuals in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, as well as in Jordan.

Much of the impetus for the PLO's revival came from the Arab states, especially those which championed the "Palestinian cause" in order to neutralize or get rid of the Palestinian Arabs living in their midst. These included Jordan, which had begun to

THE PHANTOM OF GENEVA

Despite its continued intransigence, as evidenced by its refusal last week to accept UN Resolution 242, the Palestine Liberation Organization's chances of representation at a Geneva peace conference appear undiminished. This is due to external factors, and does not indicate a sudden surge in the PLO's actual strength, writes Post Middle East Affairs Editor ANAN SAFADI.



Arafat, and, from left, Hawatmeh and Habash and Sa'eka's Mohsin.

feel that its 800,000 Palestinians were threatening the country's own security, and Lebanon, where 300,000 Palestinians triggered a still-not-fully concluded civil war. This is also true in the case of Syria, which houses some 200,000 Palestinians and oil-rich Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Iraq and the Arab Emirates, where a quarter of a million Palestinians pose a threat to stability.

These Arab states have insisted that the crux of the Middle East conflict is the Palestinians, with the PLO designated as their "sole" representative at the October 1974 Rabat summit. The

Rabat move was affected by three major factors — the Arab leaders' own fear of the PLO's spreading influence; the Soviet quest to steer the PLO into a key position at a time when Arab governments were responding to U.S. peace efforts; and Israel's refusal to respond positively to desperate attempts on the part of Jordan to regain a foothold in the West Bank after Israel concluded disengagement agreements with Egypt and Syria.

A MONTH later, the PLO's prominence crested with what Westerners describe as Yasser

Arafat's spectacular appearance at the UN General Assembly, as the PLO gained observer status there. Incidentally, Arafat is likely to repeat that performance at this month's General Assembly session, on the eve of which President Carter and Secretary Vance plan to hold talks with Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan and Arab foreign ministers then in New York.

THE PLO'S IMAGE was boosted by no less than President Carter last March, when he went on the record as calling for a "homeland" for the Palestinian refugees, "who have suffered for many, many years." Carter's remark — the first such made by an American President — served to build up the status of the PLO, even if he had meant only to confine his expression of concern to the 644,000 Palestinian Arabs living in 83 camps in the region. For it is in these camps that the PLO is a real and tangible entity.

In fact, President Carter was talking directly to the PLO, which he urged to accept Resolution 242 while practically dangling before it the possible results of accepting that resolution without modification.

"If the Palestinians should say 'We recognize 242 in its entirety though we think the Palestinians have additional status other than refugees,' that would suit us okay," said the president.

He added: "If the Palestinians will recognize the applicability of the UN resolution, then that would open up a new opportunity for us to start discussions with them and also open an avenue that they might participate in the Geneva conference."

The State Department went further, suggesting that the PLO's acceptance of 242 would not necessitate altering the PLO's Covenant, which considers Israel's existence as "null and void."

PROBABLY THE MOST significant aspect of these remarks is the fact that the U.S. Administration addressed the PLO as the unquestioned representative of the Palestinians. The statements treated the PLO and "the Palestinians" as synonymous; this action, if followed up, is bound to have considerable impact. In that very capacity, the PLO obviously felt confident enough last weekend to say "no" again to 242, and to blast the U.S. "imperialists" for suggesting that the resolution be accepted.

The PLO reiterated that it was seeking a new resolution, along the lines of General Assembly Resolution 3236, which reaffirmed "the inalienable rights of the Palestinian people to self-determination, national independence and sovereignty."

In the meantime, Washington's hints were that the bridges with the PLO have not been totally burned. "Should they change their mind..." said a State Department spokesman, implying that some sort of dialogue with the PLO might be launched.

Dialogue might not be the right word. This writer was rebuffed by the American Ambassador to Israel, Samuel Lewis, upon suggesting that such a thing has already taken place in Alexandria, between the U.S. Ambassador to Egypt Herman Eilts and PLO representatives there. A "high-ranking" State Department official used a "barnyard expression" in responding to the same suggestion.

But Cairo's semi-official al-Ahram newspaper reported on

Sunday that a "silent dialogue" between the U.S. and the PLO was already under way, despite the PLO's declared rejection of 242.

WHAT SEEMS to be evident is that the U.S., as well as Egypt and Saudi Arabia, are continuing to campaign for an alignment of the PLO with Arab peace negotiators. At the same time, there are signs that the PLO has been careful not to rule itself out of the current peace initiative, which Carter indicated was approaching its crucial phase this month.

In addition to other factors, observers feel that Washington's demonstration of interest in the PLO is part of the Carter Administration's effort to reassure the PLO that it does not have to resort to its traditional means of terrorism and subversion in order to make itself seen or heard. Another reason is to prevent the PLO from being exploited by the Soviet Union, which in turn has been disappointed by the positive response of Middle East Arab governments to the exclusive U.S. orchestration of events in the region.

REGARDING U.S. overtures, the PLO is known to be divided into two major camps. One is the so-called "mainstream," which is led by Arafat, a 48-year-old engineer who is often referred to as a follower of Egypt. This camp's fluid Middle East policy guidelines might be outlined as follows:

□ The rejection of Security Council Resolution 242 which, while treating the Palestinians as refugees, calls for the recognition of the right of "every state" in the Middle East (including Israel) to exist within "secure and recognized" borders.

□ The pursuit of a Security Council resolution incorporating 242 with the recognition of the Palestinians' right to "return home," set up an independent state and receive compensation for property lost to Israel.

□ Incorporation of Palestinian representatives in Arab peace delegations, should Israel remain constant in her refusal to sit with an independent PLO delegation at forthcoming Geneva talks.

□ The acceptance of yet-unspecified links with Jordan, provided the Palestinians first set up an independent state on "parts of their soil."

Arafat's camp derives its power from his own Fatah movement, the largest sabotage grouping within the PLO, with an estimated membership of 8,000. This camp is also strongly supported by white-collar professionals, among them intellectuals active on the political scene abroad.

ON THE OTHER side is the "rejection front," which calls for a "Vietnam-style" war in the region and which opposes any kind of political settlement, or dialogue with the U.S. The rejectionists include Dr. George Habash's Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP), with an estimated membership of 2,000; Nayef Hawatmeh's Popular Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PDFLP), embracing 500 men; and Abdul-Wahab Kayyali's Iraq-backed Arab Liberation Front (ALF), with 500 men.

The PLO's second largest single grouping — Zuhair Mohsin's Syrian-supported Sa'eka, with some 3,500 members, and the bulk of Ahmed Jibril's splinter group, the PFLP-General Command,

(Continued overleaf)



Return unto me, and I will return unto you. (Mishlei 8, 73)

If you are aware of the need for a renewal of Jewish tradition in the spirit of the times,

If you are convinced that Jewish values should be implemented in education, internal affairs, society and the State,

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Platform of the Movement

Principles

Judaism is the special way of the People of Israel, formulated in the course of the history of the nation from its beginnings to the present day. Rooted in the People's faith in its God and the Covenant between God and the People, Judaism created a living Torah whose main expression is a comprehensive system of mitzvot covering every aspect of public and private life. The essence of Judaism derives from the reciprocal influence of Judaism and the environment, and Judaism's capacity for renewal in constant response to the changing circumstances of time and place. However, in recent times the gap between the Torah and life has widened and the need to bridge the gap between tradition and the new reality has intensified. This new reality is the consequence of the re-establishment of our political independence, the Return to Zion and the integration of Galuyot, changes in social concepts, and the advent of science and technology. To respond to this reality is the aim of the Movement for Progressive Judaism. The right of the State to exist lies in its Jewishness, and this Jewish distinctiveness must find expression in its way of life. The renewal and adoption of the Jewish tradition will provide the Jewish People in their State with a spiritual impulse, an inner strength, and the social cohesion required to meet the internal and external challenges confronting us.

Aims

The Movement for Progressive Judaism aspires to strengthen the sense of belonging and loyalty of our people to the Jewish heritage and to base the State of Israel on the foundations of Jewish personal and social morality. The Movement aims to foster in Jewish society, both in the State and abroad, a Jewish way of life, a love of Israel and a cultural creativity drawing on the sources of Judaism.

Programme

In order to achieve these aims, the Movement stresses in its programmes and activities that Judaism should not be confined exclusively to matters of ritual and of personal status, but that the obligations of the mitzvot should impinge on the relationships between man and man, as well as on those between

man and God. The movement believes that the proper fulfilment of the mitzvot is dependent on *Kavanah* (intent), that is: after study, understanding and acceptance and not by habit only. The aspiration "to renew the old and sanctify the new" necessitates a dynamic approach to the mitzvot, based on the following premises:

- The rationale of the mitzvah and its development over the course of centuries.
- The ability of man to sanctify his life by means of the mitzvah.
- The ability of a person to perform the mitzvah under the circumstances of place and time.
- Responsibility towards Klal Yisrael.
- The absence of a contradiction between the mitzvah and the dictates of conscience.

The Movement sees particular importance in the revitalization and amplification of the mitzvot involving man and his neighbor, and their application as religious duties incumbent on the individual and society. This special importance derives from the complexity of interpersonal relationships in modern society and from the special needs of Israeli society: the problems of the social gap, the integration of the Galuyot, the absorption of new immigrants, and the existence of a large non-Jewish minority in the State.

The Movement in Society and State

The Israel Movement for Progressive Judaism invites every Jew who identifies with its aims and methods to join its ranks. The Movement seeks cooperation with other groups in Israel who share its purposes.

While the Movement for Progressive Judaism is a public, non-party movement, it will not refrain from taking a stand whenever the principles stated in this platform dictate. The Movement will strive for full rights for its rabbis and congregations, in the belief that pluralism is legitimate in Judaism, and that disagreement for the sake of God is salutary — "These and these are the words of the living God."

At the educational institutions and community centres of the Movement, we sponsor worship services, a youth movement, lectures, Shiyurim, family events, preparation of children for Bar-Mitzva and Bat-Mitzva, and on-going community activities. The Movement also sponsors Garinim for the settlement of the Movement's first kibbutz, Yehel, in the Arava.

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GENEVA

(Continued from page 5)

which was shattered by Lebanon's civil war — both appear to be playing the waiting game with the Damascus-Amman axis. So does the 6,000-man semi-regular Palestine Liberation Army (PLA), which was also battered by the PLO's sabotage factions in Lebanon on the eve of Syria's dispatch of its own troops into that country late last year.

Still on the sidelines are the 680,000 West Bankers and the Gaza Strip's 880,000 inhabitants, whose independent political voices are less than substantial. In their separate platforms, Ramallah lawyer Azis Shihadeh and Hebron lawyer Hussein Shukhi represent a local attempt to share policy-making with the PLO, rather than a direct challenge to its right to lead.

ISRAEL CERTAINLY must bear a good deal of the blame for the relatively low level of response from local leaders, and from Jordan. During the past decade, neither has been provided with a concrete formula, with which they could combat the PLO during the period of its major growth.

Did the Carter Administration turn to the PLO, then, because it had no choice — because there was no other address on the Palestinian issue?

It would seem that the U.S. will continue to flirt with the PLO, in the hope of developing a dialogue, despite the PLO's rejection of 242. The ultimate aim would still be to bring the PLO into line with Arab states cooperating with Washington. Should the Americans fail, it will certainly not be for lack of effort. And should they succeed, that success will have a disturbing effect on U.S.-Israel relations.

THE ASSUMPTION that the PLO issue has been taken out of the U.S.-Israel agenda as a result of the PLO's rejection of 242 sounds too good to be true. The Carter Administration, though less optimistic about Middle East peace prospects than it was initially, appears to be determined to go ahead with its attempts to find a compromise that would bring the PLO into the negotiating process.

The one point where Israel is on strong ground is in its legal right to veto the participation, in further sessions, of any party not represented at the opening of the Geneva peace conference in December, 1978. This right is enshrined in the U.S.-Israel Memorandum of Agreement, drafted after the September, 1975, Sinai interim agreement with Egypt. But should Israel appear "unreasonable" in its insistence to use that veto — perhaps on a new formula which would include a PLO pledge to back down from its declared aim of dismantling Israel — Jerusalem might find itself under pressure from increasingly "impatient friendly countries."

Direct material pressure could have the effect of uniting Israelis, and U.S. Jewry, behind the Israel government's position. There is also the possibility of other kinds of psychological pressure, calculated to divide and weaken from within. This possibility must not be discounted by anyone wishing to bet on continued extremism, and a rejectionist stance, from the PLO.

GETTING AN EARLY START

VISITORS to this country are mildly puzzled when they see toddlers trotting off every morning with their sun-hats and sandwich-bags. They are even more puzzled when they notice some of the thousands of three-month-old babies who are taken out to minders (metaphor) from 7.30 a.m. onwards.

According to the Education Ministry's Early Childhood Division, which has been greatly expanded over the past five years, we have every right to be proud of our pre-school network, which is proportionally larger than that of any other country. Apart from all the five-year-olds attending free compulsory kindergarten, 87 per cent of all three-year-olds — and perhaps 30 per cent of the two-year-olds — attend nursery schools.

The second figure is, unfortunately, only a conservative guess. The Ministry has no data whatsoever on the number of babies who are in the charge of *metaphor*, or on the one- to two-year-olds who are cared for in groups in private homes (*penultimate*).

Israeli mothers, if their enthusiasm for pre-school facilities is anything to go by, both need and want to work outside their homes. There is hardly a poor urban area or a development town without either a day-care centre for children from three months to three years, which is provided by the women's organizations, or a State nursery school for three- to five-year-olds. The graded tuition fees are still low enough to make it worthwhile for a working-class mother to take a job outside her home.

The Education Ministry has given first priority to the State nursery schools, since it sees them as the ideal place to provide disadvantaged children with the intellectual stimulus believed to be lacking in their homes. A middle-class mother, however, very often cannot squeeze her children into these facilities, and the younger her child is, the more she will look to the private market.

THE MINISTRY does have some slight control over the care of two-year-olds, insofar as its regulations permit them to inspect any private nursery school "where there are at least 11 three-year-olds." (The rest of the class, especially since more and more State nursery schools for three-year-olds are being opened, may include up to 30 two-year-olds.)

According to the reasoning currently accepted at the Ministry, if a parent can afford to pay for private care, his child is not disadvantaged, and therefore not in dire need of the intellectual stimulus a nursery school is supposed to provide. Oddly enough, by the time a child starts school at the age of six, other factors are introduced to assess his level of disadvantage, such as his parents' level of education. Under the age of six, a group in which, according to the Ministry criteria, there are 40-50 per cent disadvantaged, only economic criteria seem to apply.

A more subtle reason for the complete lack of Ministry inspection for children under two is perhaps that many women educators, particularly the more ambitious and powerful ones, prefer to leave the rearing of their



Most of the six-year-olds who started first grade yesterday are already well broken-in to the educational system. The vast majority of them started nursery school at the age of three, which is earlier than anywhere else in the world.

SUSAN BELLOS takes a look at the pre-school sector.

own offspring to other people, during the morning hours at least. The Education Ministry's manpower department has no specific data on the number of women who return after three months' maternity leave. However, educational circles both inside the Ministry and in the Teachers' Union confirm that almost all women teachers return to work after an absence of 3-12 months, following the birth of their first child.

DR. NEHAMA NIR, who directs the Early Childhood Division, stayed at home with her children until they reached the age of two. But though she and her colleagues officially frown on the minder system, there is no pressure group among women educators against an arrangement that, after all, permits them to pursue their careers.

Minders, says Dr. Nir, are generally not much good, though they are better than a day-care centre for a baby or a toddler. The right kind of minder, in her opinion, is somebody who does much more than see that a baby is fed properly and kept reasonably clean and comfortable.

A baby has to be played with, talked to and loved, and if a minder neglects to do this, the child may actually be harmed. Good minders are hard to come by in Israel, Dr. Nir said, because they usually have a low social status, and hence the job tends to attract poorly-educated women.

If what Dr. Nir says is correct, there is the fascinating paradox of many of the educators of the disadvantaged in Israel — from educational psychologists to kindergarten teachers — preferring to leave the rearing of their

own offspring partially brought up by women themselves would classify as disadvantaged. The rearing is done mostly during the child's most wakeful hours, at an age which, according to their own textbooks, is most crucial in a child's development. It is also odd that, while education has always been regarded as enormously important in Israel, child-care is generally looked down on.

If there are no strictly pedagogic reasons why a middle-class child should have to go to nursery school by the time he is three, many parents feel that, apart from the morning relief, there will be few children left to play with if a child stays at home.

Private and public nursery schools are usually from 8 a.m. to 12.30 or 1 p.m., as opposed to the first, second and third grades, which end at 11.45, at least a few days a week. According to the Education Ministry spokesman, it is hoped that this "temporary" out (which has been going on for three years) will be rectified by April, 1978. Interestingly, he added: "We found that if we decreased their learning time at this age."

WHAT DOES Dr. Nir think a two- or three-year-old should be doing all morning?

"Experiencing with all his senses in a totally unstructured way," she replied. In plain language this means: paint, clay, sand, water, music, songs and rhymes. It also means, she added, no compulsory sitting-down storytelling sessions for the whole class, which is a common feature throughout the pre-school sector.

How would Dr. Nir advise a

tion he gets. It is also dangerous to leave one adult alone with 20 to 35 children, unless that adult undertakes to refrain from going to the toilet.

If there are 35 children, which is the Ministry's limit for three-year-olds, the building must be at least 57-61 sq. m. Toys and equipment must be within easy reach and there should be a good yard. This doesn't mean merely sand and climbing equipment, but creative materials, clay, wooden mallets and pegs, and "lots of junk." Children are generally sent out to play for up to two hours after their 10.30 sandwich break, and it is important, Dr. Nir said, that they have plenty to do out-of-doors.

The simplest single test of a prospective teacher, Dr. Nir said, is her attitude towards parents. A mother should ask how often parents' meetings take place, and the answer should be at least once a month. The acid test is for a parent to suggest coming in one morning to observe and maybe help. "If the response is negative," Dr. Nir said, "forget it. The teacher is unsure of herself and has something to hide."

Last year Dr. Nir's division closed 70 private nursery schools, and this year there will be 11 supervisors working only in this area. The division is also bringing out a handbook for private teachers, with special emphasis on work with two-year-olds, and is offering in-service training to unqualified teachers.

However, it is difficult to imagine that the nursery schools mentioned above were closed down for failure to meet the standards Dr. Nir mentioned. State compulsory kindergartens and nursery schools, which have fully-qualified teachers and are regularly supervised, do not meet them either. There are, for example, no specifications about the aide's education or training; many kindergartens have parents' meetings up to five times a year; and few playgrounds at Jerusalem's nursery schools have more than sand and climbing equipment.

ONE State teacher, whom we shall call Malka, put it this way: "It doesn't make sense to go into the private market unless you are unqualified." A private teacher, she explained, has to run a business as well as educate, and therefore she has to have some kind of profit margin. Twenty children, plus a good helper, plus income tax and VAT, not to mention the capital outlay on — and constant renewal of — fairly expensive equipment, does not yield much profit these days. Unless the teacher lives in an unusually spacious home, she may have to rent premises to meet Dr. Nir's requirements. Malka estimated that to run a nursery school at some sort of profit today, there would have to be no fewer than 30 children, especially if a helper is also employed.

Not unnaturally, most private kindergartens offer inferior services, since few parents can afford to pay for the kind of standards Dr. Nir has set. The result is that, if the Education Ministry's own criteria are to be taken seriously, so-called advantaged children are actually being deprived at a most important stage in their development. □

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מגזין האל



THE COST OF DISENGAGEMENT

The Sinai interim agreement this month enters its third — and possibly last — year. Military Correspondent HIRSH GOODMAN describes the logistical problems faced in the 1975 move of Israel's southern line of defence and immensely complicated task coordinated by civilian volunteer Shimon Sirkin (photo at left).

LATER THIS MONTH the second Sinai disengagement agreement between Israel and Egypt will enter its third — and possibly last — year. When it was signed in September, 1975, the pact meant to some people that the two countries that had clashed in war five times in 20 years had finally taken the first step along the road to normal relations. Others regarded the agreement as little more than a sell-out to American pressure, Israel having given up the all-important Mitla and Gidi passes, as well as the rich oilfields at Ras Sudar and Abu Rodels, for hardly anything in return.

But to thousands of men and women serving in the army at the time, the agreement meant little more than a huge logistic headache. Hundreds of thousands of mines had to be retrieved when the lines were moved. Kilometres on kilometre anti-tank ditches three metres deep had to be refilled before being abandoned. Some 12,000 km. of fences were rolled up and redeployed. A new 180-km. road had to be built through the desert. Water lines had to be pulled out, bunkers dismantled. All this while Israeli forces in the area continued to maintain a high state of alert.

By February 22, 1976, just five months after the agreement was signed in Geneva, Israel had vacated 5,180 sq. km. of the Sinai, leaving little behind to testify to almost 10 years of her military presence in the area.

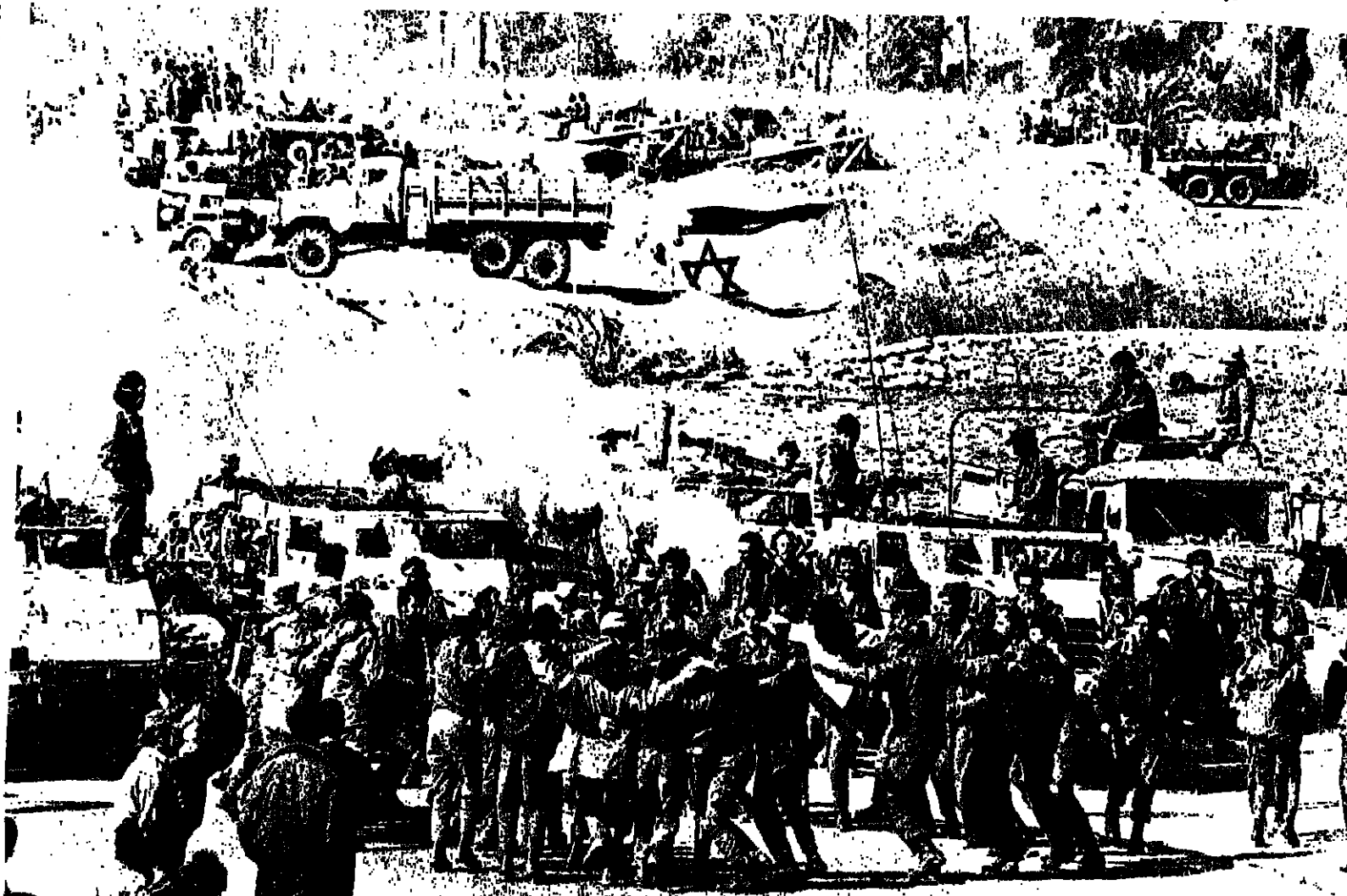
The huge military camps which had served as depots for the men on the Bar-Lev line, and, indeed, along the entire front with Egypt, were stripped of the bare essentials, repainted, cleaned up and handed over to the United Nations.

Within six months, all the Israeli bunkers along the disengagement line were reduced to rubble, but not before every item that could be salvaged had been removed and itemized. One example to be found in the inventory: 836,000 metal staves, 1.8m. long and costing IL20 each, were pulled out one by one and re-used in other areas.

All in all, it is estimated, IL200m. in building materials alone — windows, doors, frames, bricks, railings — was brought out from the area handed over by Israel.

Over 170 bulldozer tractors were employed full-time during the pullback; thousands of trucks were used. Quarries were operated in order to provide the materials for new roads being constructed. All this machinery had to be serviced and repaired. Fuel had to be provided, men had to be fed. The logistics of the thing are mind-boggling.

TECHNICALLY, the operation was undertaken by the Engineering Corps. Private contractors — in contrast to the building of the Bar-Lev line — played a very minor role. But the man behind it all was a civilian volunteer,



A hour on the causeway as Israeli troops leave Africa. (Below) Israeli and UN officers discuss the 2nd interim agreement.



(Rubinger, Quim)

Shimon Sirkin — who has become a legend in the Engineers. A former aluf-mishne in the Corps, Sirkin is famous for his unparalleled energy.

He was already a pensioner when he built the Bar-Lev Line. The pullback operation — its real name was chosen by a computer — proved to be one of the most complicated ventures ever undertaken by the Engineering Corps. It required the coordination of minute details between 13 bodies, military and civilian. Bodies as diverse as the Navy and the Air Force. It needed the authority of a man who was above the day-to-day bureaucracy of the army and who could rise above the pettiness of rank and circumstance. It needed a man who could first request from the general, and then demand if his requests were not complied with. The job had to be completed by February 22. The agreement would take effect then, whether Israel was ready or not.

The moving of the line was only half the problem. It had to be done in such a way that at no time could the Egyptians, who were not involved in a logistic shake-up, launch yet another surprise attack.

The problem was less acute in 1974, during the second disengagement, than during the first. In 1974, when Israel was not helped by both the UN and the American forces in the disengagement area. In 1974, Israel had simultaneously to pull back from "ditches" and build a new line with its self-contained strongholds, each requiring millions of tons of earth and rock that had to be trucked in overland.

New minefields had to be laid, at the same time as hundreds of thousands of mines were being pulled out in Africa (each costing around IL200), and a new infrastructure had to be built in order that, should the need arise, Israel would be able to dispatch reinforcements to any point along the line within the shortest possible time.

THE SECOND pullback, the question of Egyptian attack receded somewhat, but still remained a possibility. The problem now was mainly that of dismantling what had been put up in the postwar "hysteria" (as one officer described it), and making sure that as little as possible went to waste.

But there were other problems. As a result of the agreement, Israel's land border with Egypt doubled in length to over 300 km. New access-roads had to be built. Tremendous effort went into entering the early-warning station at Um Hashiba, since much of the early warning capability was placed on early warning elements of goodwill and elements of mutual trust which had been written into the agreement were to melt away.

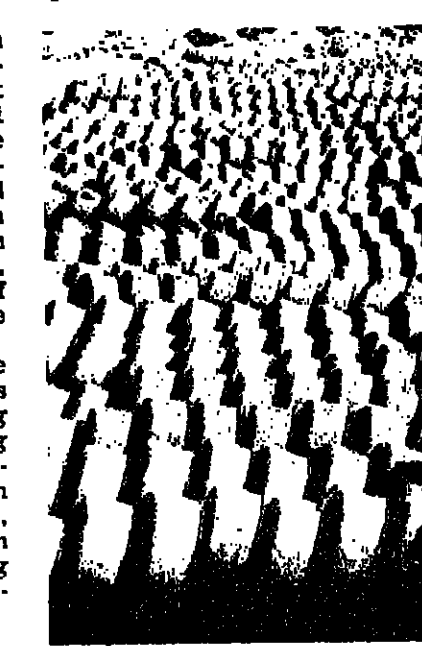
But apart from the logistics, not much else was involved militarily. The agreement was, in essence, a political one. By introducing guarantors — the UN and the U.S. — into the picture, it removed the possibility of war one rung further down the ladder. Egyptians and Israelis were no longer in an eyeball-to-eyeball situation, where a disgruntled soldier's inadvertent bullet could theoretically escalate into a conflict.

Of course, the military had to be allowed to ensure Israel's security should war break out; but the agreement was mainly a pact for the politicians. Would the Egyptians allow cargoes destined

for Israel through the Suez Canal? Would Egypt stop its vicious anti-Israel propaganda within international bodies? In essence, would the agreement be the first step on the road to normalization?

THERE ARE DIFFERENCES of opinion as to the over-all wisdom of Israel's entering into the agreement. Those who dissent usually make their judgments in a vacuum, not being apprised of all the factors that went into the decision-making process. Factually, one can say that from a purely military point of view, the agreement has been good for Israel. There has been no war of attrition. Indeed, not a single bullet has been fired in anger in the Sinai for over two years. Because of that fact Israel no longer has to hold a static line, and because there is a new strategic concept based on high mobility, reserve duty is down to a minimum — which is good both for the morale of the country and for its economy.

While the loss of the Gidi and Mitla passes poses a potential problem, the problem is a theoretical one and officers questioned have admitted that



Mines waiting to be planted.

giving up the passes was a bargaining point rather than an actual issue of strategy. For although the passes have been relinquished, Israel still controls the exits and the ridges overlooking the Gidi.

The military problems have been almost insignificant, because they were predicted and worked out at the negotiating table. New roads were financed primarily by the U.S., to replace those given up. The unhindered use of the joint road along the lower sector of the Gulf of Suez has been guaranteed both by a U.S. presence, and by a mutuality of interest that deters either side from breaking the understanding.

Israel invested heavily in ensuring that the agreement did not translate itself into her being forced into a militarily inferior position. The new strategy of high mobility demanded the building of a whole new infrastructure of emergency stores near the front, so that the time-lag between the outbreak of a conflict and an Israeli presence in the battlefield would be minimized.

WHILE IT IS the considered opinion of the experts — the almost unanimous considered opinion of the experts — that the disengagement pact has not been detrimental to Israel in purely military terms, the question must be asked whether it has brought us closer to

peace. Have the political goals been attained — the goals that were aimed at when Israel gave up oilfields producing millions of dollars worth of oil per year, and the passes?

Goods destined for Israel have passed through the Canal and continue to do so. The Egyptian propaganda effort continues but some claim that it is less voracious than formerly.

The Egyptians have, by and large, kept to the terms of the disengagement pact — even though there have been charges of foul play by injecting unauthorized extra men and material. Observers point with satisfaction to Egypt's unilateral return of the bodies of Israeli soldiers killed in action and say that over all, the Egyptians — especially since the pact — have been a moderating behind-the-scenes influence in Israel's surreptitious relationship with the Arab world.

If a step nearer peace is synonymous with a step further away from war — which not all believe it is — then the interim agreement has indeed brought peace closer. It is generally conceded that with the American and UN presence in the region, the possibility of an outbreak of war has been limited. This, of course, does not mean that war is less likely if either side opts for it for political ends; but it does mean that the initiation of war by either party becomes more complicated and more cumbersome, and thus less likely. A complicating factor, it is pointed out, usually leads to more procrastination.

Authoritative opinion seems to be that yet another pullback can be expected at some stage — most probably when the current agreement comes to an end in September, 1978, or when (and if) Israel and the Arabs ever get round to speaking at Geneva. While it is regarded as unlikely that the Egyptians would again move alone, without some other advances being made elsewhere, the question, then, is not whether there will be another Sinai withdrawal, but where will it be to, and under what conditions.

While reticent about discussing politics, most senior officers questioned on the subject are not unduly worried about the possibility. None of the logistic problems faced in 1974 and 1976 will be encountered again, even though moving the huge military complex that has sprung up around Refidim and the Um Hashiba stations can be expected to pose problems. The officers feel that if the principle of limited forces zones and demilitarized areas is adhered to, Israel's security will not be greatly jeopardized.

It is also important, they say, that the concept of the vacuum left by the Israeli retreat be filled by UN and American troops, that they be retained as yet another trip-wire — another stumbling-block, on the road to war.

A new retreat in the Sinai, it is argued, will still allow Israel enough manoeuvring space and strategic depth should war break out, and it is felt that any conflict could still be comfortably contained far from Israel's centres of population.

Despite this, however, there is total opposition to any retreat unless this time, the political benefits are clear and well-defined. The point is made that the next pullback will in all probability be the last. Israel will have played her hand, and her last bargaining chip will have been thrown onto the negotiating table.

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מקדון האל

A TIGER CALLED TEL AVIV

The Medrano Circus was last here 19 years ago. But one of its feline performers should feel at home in the city he's named after. The Post's CATHERINE ROSENHEIMER takes us behind the scenes at the Big Top. The Photographs are by Lester J. Millman.



IT WAS A quiet domestic morning at the circus. Peppino the clown rode off to the supermarket on his motorbike. Franciso the tiger-tamer was sprinkling fresh sawdust in the big cats' cage. Elvio Tognes' performing elephants were taking their morning promenade, circling sedately around the ring inside the Big Top.

Elsewhere, ladies of the circus were occupied with routine chores: sitting on deck-chairs outside their caravans, peeling potatoes, sewing on stray spangles, getting their fridges and washing machines linked up to the portable generator, hanging up laundry on makeshift washlines strung between vans.

When there is no performance on, behind-the-scenes life at the Medrano Circus, the Italian Big Top currently pitched on the outskirts of Tel Aviv, is much like that at any large camping site. Except, of course, that relaxed as it may appear, many of the routine daily chores are matters of life and death. If the animals are not sufficiently exercised, if their meal times are upset, if they have any cause for feeling nervous, there may be fatal accidents in mid-act.

Trapezes, tight-ropes, safety nets and all other equipment and paraphernalia have to be checked and adjusted constantly, every nut and bolt correctly tightened so that no accidents occur because of faulty maintenance.

The human element of error is something else: each performer is responsible not only for his own equipment or animals, but also for keeping himself in perfect "working order" with daily limbering up and practice sessions.

The last time a full-scale circus visited Israel was eight years ago. Medrano's previous tour here was in 1968: their site in Tel Aviv at the time was an empty lot on Kikar Malchei Yisrael, where City Hall now stands. Members of the circus who still remember that first visit regret that urban development has pushed them to the outskirts of town (just north of the Bar Yehuda Bridge), where they feel somewhat exiled — not that they would have much time for shopping, sightseeing or going to the beach in any case.

SETTING UP camp on the barren area of sand dunes allocated to them is not without its discomforts. Those who lived in "Little Tel Aviv" at the turn of the century may sympathize with them. Water supplies are makeshift, electricity is provided by a generator that is switched off late every night. The sandy ground is difficult to walk on and not firm enough for some of the more tricky balancing and acrobatic acts. And the traditional circus sawdust has had to be discarded. Although hundreds of sacks were provided, it all sank into the sand, and the circus has had to resort to spreading strong tarpaulin sheets

on the ground when a stable surface is required.

Behind the glitter, the arid lights, the fancy costumes and the smiling faces you see in the ring, there are undercurrents of discontent.

FRANCIS BYK, the tiger-tamer, is outspoken in his criticism. "But you journalists only write what the public relations people tell you to," he begins. "None of us is really satisfied."

Dutch-born Franciso, alias Franciso for programme purposes, has worked with lions, tigers, polar bears and elephants. He learned his craft over 10 years of intermittent study at the Falkenburg wild animal school in Holland. He is a permanent member of the Tony Circus, on contract to Medrano for the duration of the Israel tour. He is here with his wife, five-year-old son Oscar, and three-month-old baby.

"All the bosses are interested in making money," he continues. "And all we hear are promises, promises, promises. They still haven't provided the showers we asked for — surely no luxury in this heat. And every night after the show, we have no lights. Worse than that, the fridge goes off too and the baby's milk is sour every morning."

In Italian circuses, practically every child follows in his parents' footsteps. But Franciso is determined that his children will not follow suit. "Next year my son

starts school," he says. "And then I'm finished with circus life. We shall settle in one place — I shall work in a zoo or a safari park, and our children will have a normal life and a decent education."

Earlier, when I had wanted to talk to Byk, I received a rather cool reception. He had been busy cleaning the tigers' cage and feeding them each a huge carcass. He apologizes for his brusqueness. "In my profession, the animals have to come first," he explains.

His pretty, petite, Czech-born wife, Maria, a former trapeze artist, will also be happy to leave the circus. "Each time Franciso goes into the tiger cage, and during every performance, I think with dread of the moment when one of the managers will come up to me, shake my hand, and say 'Sorry, your husband had an accident.' And this is a job with no pension, a profession which no life insurance company would be prepared to underwrite."

Tigers have no sentiments, Franciso assures me. One false move from him, and they would attack relentlessly, despite the fact that he has known each of them for two years, and started training them at eight months. One of his charges is named Tel Aviv, the son of a female cub born when the Medrano circus was last here 19 years ago.

OTHER THAN the overheads and administrative problems in-

volved in transporting an entire circus from Trieste to Tel Aviv — partially by sea, partially by land — very little has changed in the world of the circus in 19 years.

"The circus is not a progressive spectacle. It still is, and always was, traditional," says Peppino, the clown, one of those who was here 19 years ago and, with his family in the business for three generations, is well-qualified to speak.

He started out as a trapeze artist and an acrobat as a child and, in later life, has taken up the less strenuous role of a clown. Like most of the old-established Italian circus people, most of them closely related, who make up the majority of the troupe, he has no misgivings about the continuity of circus life. His own daughter has followed in his footsteps, both appearing in the circus and in the current show.

There is nothing of the clown about Peppino. His round, cheerful face is constantly wreathed in smiles.

"Happy? Of course I'm happy," he says. Why should a clown be sadder than anyone else? Peppino can still remember the days of the horse-drawn, brightly painted gypsy caravans in which he was born and brought up, and with which the circus travelling some 40 years ago. But the caravans are still the same. The clowns still squirt water through their noses, and have flashing lights in their

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

THEATRE

All performances are in Hebrew unless otherwise indicated.

Jerusalem

HERE IS YOUR LUNCH, SIR — Comedy presented by the English Drama Theatre. (Tzvi, 38 King George, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

THE GOOD WOMAN OF SETZUAN — Habimah's production of Brecht's play translated by Shimon Sandbank about a good woman destined to live in a corrupt town of sinners. (Habimah's Large Hall, Wednesday and Thursday)

GROUNDWATER — New Habimah production by Hillel Mittelspitz. Directed by Amri Blum. Attempts to enter the lives of a group of youths who are at once the products of their society and at variance with it. (Habimah's Small Hall, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

IN A PANIC — New play by Shimon Isacoff, with Motti Giladi. (Beit HaHayal, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

MOMENTS — Halfa Theatre production of Nathan Alterman's musical about Little Tel Aviv of the 30s. (Tzvi, 38 King George, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE MURDER OF PIERROT — By the Beersheba Theatre (Nahmani Hall, 17 Nahmani, Saturday)

OPEN THEATRE — "Last Game" (Tzvi, 38 King George, today at 8)

Haifa

DON JUAN — Halfa Municipal Theatre's presentation of Yacov Shabtai's play about a modern, Tel Aviv-based Don Juan who operates a used car lot but spends most of his time pursuing women. Despite occasional witticisms, the play is rather empty. (Halfa Municipal Theatre, 50 Pevener, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

GOG AND MAGOG — By Yehoshua Sobol. A Halfa Theatre production directed by Nola Chilton. (Beit HaHayal, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

IN A PANIC — (Halfa Auditorium, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

MOMENTS — (Halfa Municipal Theatre, 50 Pevener, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

Other Towns

IN A PANIC — (Petah Tikva, Holohol, Thursday at 8.45 p.m.)

THE MURDER OF PIERROT — (Beersheba, Wednesday and Thursday)

200 STORY — By Edward Albee. Produced by the Beersheba Theatre (Beersheba, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday)

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

EVENING OF JAZZ — With well known Israeli musicians (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 4 Bealei, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

EVENING OF NOSTALGIA — Tamar Bratt sings plus audience participation (Tzvi, 38 King George, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

ISRAELI FOLKLORE — With Shelli and Yoram. (Tzvi, 38 King George, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

JONATHAN LIGHT — American singer sings and reads excerpts from plays (Tzvi, 38 King George, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

MY COUNTRY, I'VE RIDICULED YOU — Musical comedy with Gad Yagil, written by Amichai, David Harevi, Yosef Silberg, Dudu Tuper and Yonatan Gefen — (Beit Ha'am, 11 Bealei, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

NUMAMA RAZ — "Israel my beloved." (Tzvi, 38 King George, Monday at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

CHOCOLATE, MENTHE, MASTIK — In "The First Night" (Onel, Beit Arlosoroff, 6 Bealei, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

EVENING WITH ARIK LAVIE — Songs and entertainment (Beit Leasin, 84 Weismann, tonight at 8.30; Beit Dor, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

OPERA

THE ISRAELI NATIONAL OPERA — Producer: Edia de-Phillips, Conductors: Alexander Tarski, Arich Levanson, Thomas Oranga, Peller.

LA TRAVIATA — By Verdi. Cast: Susan Ben-Zion, Harrison Bykes, Richard Shapi, Benny Shalom. (Tel Aviv, Saturday)

HAGASHASH RAHIVER — The comedy trio in a musical programme of political satire. (Onel, Beit Arlosoroff, 6 Bealei, Saturday at 7.30 and 9.45 p.m.)

A MAN WITHIN HIMSELF — Songs by the folk and rock composer/singer Shalom Hanoch and his group. (Tzvi, 38 King George, Saturday at 8.15 and 10.45 p.m.; Thursday at 9 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI — Composer/singer in a new show with his percussion quartet. (Tzvi, 38 King George, tonight at 9 and midnight)

NAOMI SHEMER — Sings in a programme that will be recorded for television (Tzvi, 38 King George, Monday at 10.15 p.m.)

YONATAN GEVEN — "Living-Room chat." (Tzvi, 38 King George, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

Haifa

A MAN WITHIN HIMSELF — (Shavit, 3 Haaport, tonight at 9.30)

Other Towns

EVENING WITH ARIK LAVIE — (Ashdod, Olympia, Tuesday; Mazeret Batya, Beit Ha'am, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

HAGASHASH RAHIVER — (Ramat Gan, Orde, tonight at 8.30; Ein Hashofet, Sunday at 9 p.m. and Monday at 7.15 and 9.30 p.m.; Yifat, Cultural Centre, Wednesday and Thursday at 9 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN

THE BOY AND THE WHITE HORSE — Danish film with Hebrew subtitles (Jerusalem, Israel Museum, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

For last minute changes in times of performance, or where times are not available please contact Box Office.



Donald Sutherland and Jenny Agutter in the World War II thriller, 'The Eagle Has Landed.'

Jerusalem

CANTILENA CHAMBER PLAYERS (U.S.A.) — Works by Schubert, Mahler, Kopelman, Brahms. (Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday)

GIOBA FEIDMAN — Jewish Soul Music.

FILMS IN BRIEF

AIRPORT 71 — Another star-studded air adventure film inspired by Arthur Hailey's best-seller "Airport."

AMICI MIEI — Created and partially filmed by the late Pietro Germi: the romping escapades of a group of middle-aged men, whose friendship is cemented by a love for the absurd pranks. An assortment of anecdotes which vary from good farce to empty motion. Depressing to take the film seriously.

ANNIE HALL — Woody Allen's latest and most personal film about the relationship between an ill-matched couple. Touching, humorous and totally convincing with the usual stock of terrific verbal and visual gags. Stars Woody Allen as comedian Alvy Singer and Diane Keaton as Annie Hall.

BATTLE OF MIDWAY — Plenty of action and suspense, with Hal Holbrook as the head of a U.S. naval combat intelligence group that broke the Japanese secret code during World War II. Excellent cast includes Charlton Heston, Henry Fonda and James Coburn.

THE DOMINO PRINCIPLE — Unconvincing, unexciting assassination thriller. With Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen and director Stanley Kramer, all the ingredients are there, but it never gets off the ground.

THE EAGLE HAS LANDED — Based on a fictitious story by Jack Higgins about a German commando operation to kidnap Churchill in a raid in which the Germans are disguised as Polish troops stationed in Norfolk.

FANTASIA — Brilliant, delightful dreamlike Walt Disney classic. Recommended for the whole family.

FELLINI'S CASANOVA — Top-heavy \$10m. monument to Fellini's dreamlike genius. Donald Sutherland as Casanova flexing his genital muscles while Fellini beats his creative breast in pan-sexual, multi-sensual satirical orgy. 18th century Europe. Anti-erotic, anti-Casanova, dazzling, and indigestible.

FUNNY PEOPLE — South African filmmaker Jamie Uys traps people in practical joke situations, with hidden cameras catching. Hilariously ridiculous reactions of passers-by turn to queasy laughter when the

guiltibility of under-educated blacks is exploited.

GONE WITH THE WIND — Re-issue of that all time box-office-best-seller about the American civil war.

HARRY AND WALTER GO TO NEW YORK — Likable comedy of the 1930s in which Michael Caine plays a cool and outwitted millionaire safe-broker. James Caan and Elliott Gould jolly along as a couple of vaudevillean pick-pockets, determined to reach the big bank safe before him. Some memorable laughs in an exclusive New York private club.

THE INCREDIBLE SARAH — Free portrayal of the early life of famous French actress Sarah Bernhardt. Lavish settings, well-known cast, and an overpowering Glenda Jackson.

KING OF HEARTS — Comedy set in World War I background. About a Scottish soldier who tries to save a small French town from destruction by the Germans and unwittingly becomes king for a day, ruling the harmless inmates of the town's asylum.

LE GANG — It is 1945. Alain Delon is pretty. He has a gang and a girl. He smiles and smokes simultaneously. He is shot. He is buried. He was beautiful. Directed by Jacques Dorey, in French, English subtitles.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO LIVED DOWN THE LANE — Revolves around a thirteen-year-old whose father's death leaves her duty is to ensure her own survival leads her to take some very drastic actions. Mainly a vehicle for the talents of young Jodie Foster (the 12-year-old prostitute of "Taxi Driver") who above herself a gifted actress. Directed by Nino Gassner.

MOBY DICK — Reissue of the film based on Herman Melville's classic. Stars Gregory Peck as Captain Ahab, out for revenge against the whale that got his leg.

THE MOUSE THAT ROARED — 1959 British satire in which the Dux of Grand Fenwick declares war on the U.S. Stars Peter Sellers in a number of roles, Jean Seberg, David Kosoff, Leo McKern.

NETWORK — Examines TV's ability to influence and brainwash while depicting people struggling for power in running a major

Tel Aviv

CANTILENA CHAMBER PLAYERS (U.S.A.) — Works by Bartok, Dvorak, Jan Jensen (U.S.A.). Works by Mozart. (Int. Bvng. Church, 56 Hanev'im, corner Strauss, Tuesday)

Other Towns

KIBBUTZ CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Works by Corelli, Hadji, Sherrif, Britten, Bartok. (Hofaba, Monday)

American network. Involved in TV politics are Peter Finch, who portrays a newsreader, Faye Dunaway, a top executive, and Robert Duvall, a top network officer.

OPERATION THUNDERBOLT — The Israeli-made film of the Fatah rescue mission directed by Menahem Golan. This one shows real Israeli including some familiar ex-Golani faces. Fast paced and more convincing than the previous versions.

PETTON PLACE — 1957 Academy Award winning film based on Grace Metalious' novel about life in a small New England town. Quasi-affairs, plus other ingredients that combine to produce soap opera trivia. Redemptive features are good photography, and a strong cast that includes Mark Robson and Lana Turner.

ROOKY — Made with a rock-bottom budget of \$1m. and written in three days by Sylvester Stallone — who also stars in the title-role — the film became an Academy Award winner for best picture, best director. The story of an impoverished, once-third-rate boxer who risks to succeed and gets to play the world heavyweight champion parallels Sylvester's own life story.

SILVER STREAK — Gene Wilder, Jill Clayburgh, Richard Pryor, Patrick McGeehan and others on a Los Angeles to Chicago train-ride full of entertaining murders, intrigue, thrills, belly-laughs, and \$800,000 worth of train-crash. Directed by Arthur Hiller. U.S.A. 1976

SOME LIKE IT HOT — Billy Wilder's 1959 superlative comedy set in the 1920s about two musicians (Tony Curtis, Jack Lemmon) who, fleeing gangsters, join an all-girl band. Also with Marilyn Monroe, Joe E. Brown and George Raft.

THE BEY WHO LOVED ME — The latest in the James Bond series with Roger Moore as 007. Also with Richard Kiel as the 7ft. 2ins. tall "Jaws."

A STAR IS BORN — Rock version of the 1936 classic with Barbara Streisand and Kris Kristofferson as the superstars

WUTHERING HEIGHTS — Remake of film adapted from Emily Bronte's novel about the strange and haunting love of Catherine and Heathcliff in pre-Victorian England.

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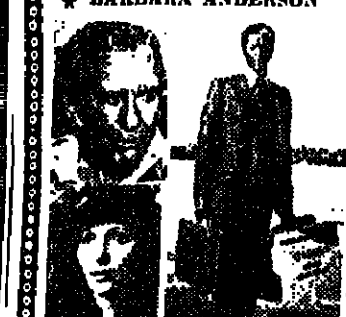
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JAMES FARRAR
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the terror
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Talia Shire

ROCKY

THE BEST
PICTURE OF
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SHAHAF, Kinar Atarim

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WOODY ALLEN

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ball of
a
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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1977

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1977

Ramat Gan Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, September 3, 1977

ARMON Tel. 720708

2nd week

WHAT'S ON

Notices are accepted for this column at the rate of 11.75 per line including VAT; publication daily over a period of a month costs IL290.80 per line including VAT. Ads are accepted at offices of The Jerusalem Post and at all recognized advertising agencies.

Plant a Tree in Israel with Your Own Hands: Free tours for planters to the Hills of Judea leave every Monday and Wednesday from Jerusalem and Tuesday from Tel Aviv. For details and registration please call "Villagers' Department," Keren Kayemet LeIsrael (Jewish National Fund), in Jerusalem, King George Ave., corner Rehov Keren Kayemet, Tel. 02-35261. In Tel Aviv, 88 Rehov Hayarkon, opp. Dan Hotel, Tel. 03-234448.

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3. Morning half-day tour of all Hadassah projects, \$4 per person towards transportation. By reservation only: Tel. 418333.

Hebrew University, tours in English at 9 and 11 a.m. from Administration Building, Givat Ram Campus. Mount Scopus tours (1.30 a.m. from the Martin Huber Building, Buses 9 and 28, School of Education bus stop. Further details: Tel. 85430.

Jerusalem Biblical Zoo, Schoeller Wood, Romema. Tel. 814922, 7.30 a.m. - 7 p.m.

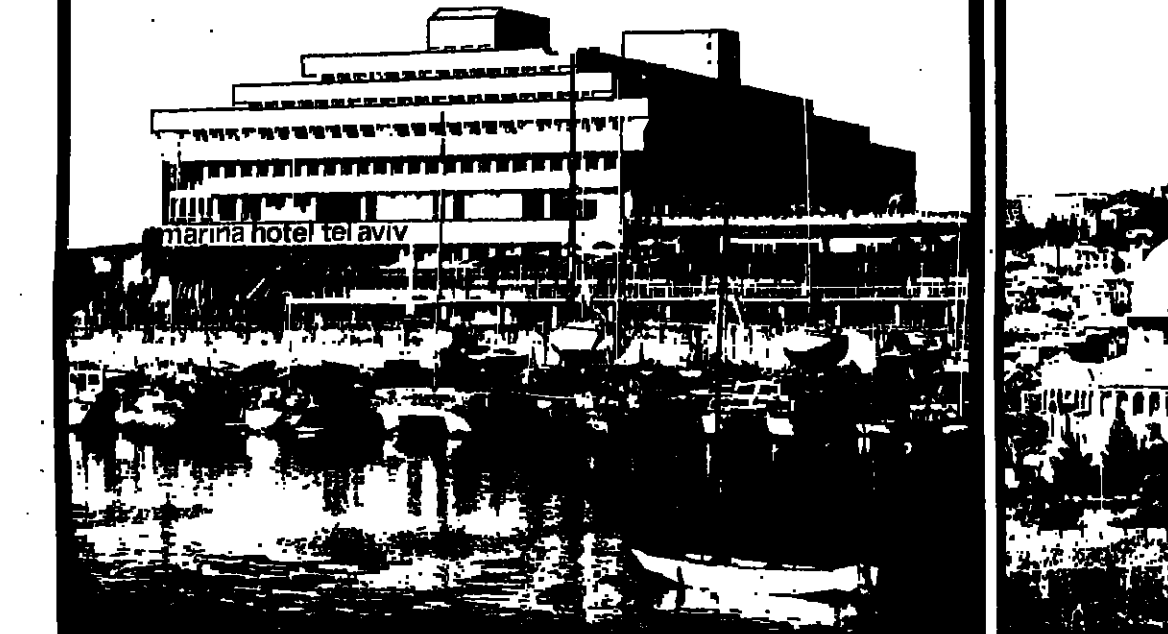
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MISCELLANEOUS

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Emunah - World Religious Zionist Women's Organization: "Kastel," 106 Rehov Ben-Gurion, Tel. 440316, 7.00 a.m. - 11.00 a.m. Office, 116 Rehov Hayarkon, Tel. 227060, 8 a.m. - 2 p.m.



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ORT Israel: For visits please contact: ORT Tel Aviv, Tel. 23231, 762291-2; ORT Jerusalem, Tel. 63111; ORT Netanya, Tel. 33744.

American Miraschi Women. Guest Tours - Tel Aviv - Tel. 220187, 243108.

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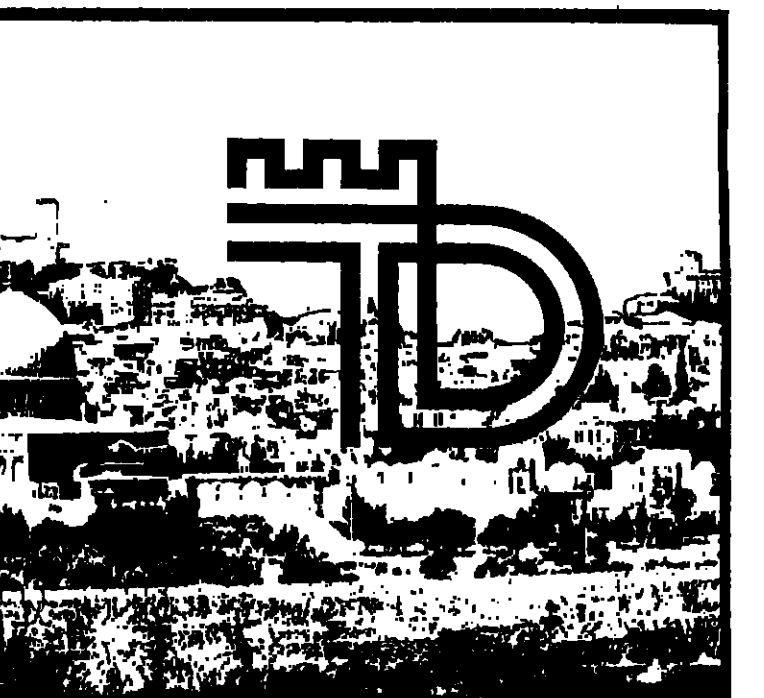
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DINING SHOPPING ENTERTAINMENT DINING SHOPPING ENTERTAINMENT DINING

Dairy delights

BILL OF FARE

UNTIL LAST WEEK I didn't know that there was such a thing as Hungarian dairy cuisine. Somehow the Magyar kitchen seemed to be composed solely of heavy meat dishes.

Then the Europa Restaurant opened in Jerusalem's Zion Square, occupying the former premises of the late unlamented China Barn. Anyone familiar with the previous restaurant cannot fail to be impressed by the decor, which manages to be both elegant and comfortable.

The Europa is the newest venture of Lea, once owner of the Bahayia Restaurant. For veteran Jerusalemites, the name will no doubt conjure up memories of the Cafe Europa which once graced Zion Square.

Upon sitting down, we were handed a very fancy looking menu, ostensibly in Hebrew and English. Unfortunately, it seemed to have been compiled by someone who knew neither of these languages very well. A pity to detract from the overall chic in such an avoidable manner.

TO BEGIN my meal, I decided to try the borscht. This was served in a glass as in most local eating places, but it was far better than run of the mill. Graced with jewels of sour cream, it had a

nice, sharp tang, especially welcome on a hot day.

My companion, who claimed she was not very hungry, opened her meal with a stuffed egg. This was similar to the devilled egg found in the West, with the addition of a rather heavy blanket of mayonnaise.

For the main course, I chose trout (listed on the menu as Forell), which was simply fried in butter and absolutely exquisite. At its side was a very pretty cut lemon half.

The trout was accompanied by salad - or rather a selection of salads, cucumber, beet and cabbage each of which was excellent.

I also had eggplant, cooked in a very Central European manner. My companion was a bit more adventurous and chose a dish listed as "Rackott Krumpfl." This, it transpired, was a dish of potatoes, cooked with sour cream and eggs. It was both interesting and very good.

For dessert, we would have liked to try the strudel, which, had it been available, would no doubt have been very good. Instead we both had pazatschinken, the Hungarian answer to blintzes. I had cheese, while my companion tried the one filled with nuts. Both were good, as was the Turkish coffee.

The bill for two, including two bottles of local beer, came to IL110.

ART GUIDE

Notices are accepted for this column at the rate of 11.75 per line including VAT; publication every Friday over a period of a month costs IL1.84 per line including VAT. Ads are accepted at offices of The Jerusalem Post and at all recognized advertising agencies.

Jerusalem

MUSEUMS

Israel Museum. Exhibitions: Michael Ondaatje, Works 1974-77; TetraScroll by Buckminster Fuller, and The Donkey and the Darling by Larry Rivers and Terry Southern. Storybook containing lithographs; Our Pupils at Work. Photography, Youth Wing: Leisure in America (in cooperation with the U.S. Cultural Center), closed Saturdays; Ancient Art - The Norbert Schimmel Collection; Greek Vases from the Jan Mitchell Collection. Gallery for Neighbouring Cultures; Our Pupils at Work, 1977 - Youth Wing; Educational Exhibition on Mesopotamian Culture, Youth Wing.

Special exhibit: Jewish ladies' adornments, Eastern Europe, 19th-20th century.

Visiting hours: Israel Museum: Sun. Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tues. 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Fri. 10 a.m.-3 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Only certain temporary exhibitions open Saturday. Shrine of the Book, Billy Rose Art Garden: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tues. 10 a.m.-10 p.m.; Fri. and Sat. 10 a.m.-3 p.m. Rockefeller Museum: Sun. - Thurs. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Fri., Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Tickets for Sat. and holidays must be purchased in advance at the Museum, Calanah or major Jerusalem hotels; in Tel Aviv at Roshan, Eldan and Kastel; in Haifa at Vialon, Nouvelle, Y. and S. Haimiche. Kikusat Hayotzer, original prints by contemporary European artists. Tel. 02-516824, 280081.

Tel Aviv

MUSEUMS

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Photographers. 1840-1977: Helene Rubinstein Pavilion: From the Macabees to the Macabians; Maria Blahofa, Time Out, Sports Caricatures. Visiting hours: Sun. Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. (Library 10 a.m.-4 p.m.) Tues. 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; 4-6 p.m. (Library 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; 4-7 p.m.); Friday, 10 a.m.-2 p.m. (Library 10 a.m.-1 p.m.); Sat. 7-11 p.m. Ha'aretz Museum Tel Aviv

1) Museum Centre, Ramat Aviv: Glass Museum; Kadman Museum; Museum of Science and Technology; Museum of Ethnography and Folklore (Judaica); Alphabet Museum; Neohusian Pavilion - Timna Excavations; Tel Qasile Excavations; Museum Library; Lucky Planetarium (Demonstrations daily, at 9, 10, 11, 12 p.m. Tuesdays also at 7.30 p.m. Sat. at 10.30, 11.30 a.m. and 12.30 p.m.)

2) Museum of Antiquities of Tel Aviv-Yafo (10 Rehov Mifetza Shimon, Yafo)

3) Museum of the History of Tel Aviv-Yafo (27 Rehov Bialik)

4) The Israel Theatre Museum. (Rehov Melchett)

All Museums open: Sun.-Thurs. 9 a.m.-4 p.m. (Except Museum of History of Tel Aviv till 3 p.m.), Fri. 9 a.m.-1 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.-3 p.m. On Saturdays admission free except Planetarium. The Israel Theatre Museum: Sun.-Thurs. 9 a.m.-2 p.m. Library: Sun.-Thurs. 9 a.m.-3 p.m., Fri. 9 a.m.-1 p.m.

Netanya

Shehar Gallery: New exhibit of monotypes, etchings and drawings of Margalit Zommer. Permanent Exhibit of signed and numbered serigraphs. Haifa-Netanya Road, 5 km. north of Netanya. Open daily from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

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Friday, September 2, 1977

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Rishon LeZion: Giv'at-David, 37 Rehov Rabin, Tel. 941025

Ashdod: 9 Rehov Hagan, Tel. 33802

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Chauvinism at the Kol-Bo

IT IS PROBABLY going to be a matter of sink or swim for Israeli manufacturers over the next decade. The abolition of import tariffs for Israeli imports into EEC countries, which came into force on July 1, is a reciprocal agreement. On Israel's side, the agreement is to lower import tariffs on EEC-produced imports by degrees, reaching zero duty by 1987.

Israeli manufacturers lived in a very protected glasshouse through the austerly years and up until the early Sixties, when competing imports were virtually nil. They still have a big advantage with the present duty situation, but eventually will have to face fierce competition from the Common Market. If they are to do this, they will have to pull their socks up considerably where quality, design and value are concerned.

Aware of this, a year and a half ago the Manufacturers Association decided to launch a big "Blue-

White" division for the promotion and improvement of local goods. While many stores, notably Hamashbir Litzarehan, have for several years been running annual promotions for Israeli-made goods, Kol-Bo Shalom has always gone in the opposite direction, devoting at least one annual "week" to the products of a foreign country.

At the Blue White Division's inauguration, Kol-Bo Shalom's "Salute to Israeli Products" will be opening today, offering reductions of between 10 per cent and 50 per cent on a range of a thousand products in special sections in each of the store's departments, covering everything from household goods, fashions, cosmetics and food.

Catherine Rosenhelmer

In a few cases, the Kol Bo has managed to persuade fashion manufacturers to let them have ranges of export fashions for next summer, identical to those shown at last week's export Fashion Week. "But on the whole," says Kol Bo manager Shai Mayer, "we have a hard time persuading them to give us the best of their export ranges. There is still a feeling among many manufacturers that while they have to 'export or bust,' they can get away with inferior workmanship and design on the local market — other than a handful of our top manufacturers. This is going to have to change over the next decade if they want

to stay in business."

Kol Bo Shalom has always had the reputation of being more expensive than competitive stores — an allegation which Shai Mayer has heard many times before and which, not unnaturally, he is quick to deny. "When we opened, as the largest and most modern store of our kind in the country, people assumed that we were more expensive. Over the years, we have proved that we are a popular department store, often in a position to offer discounts on lines we buy in bulk, and I think the public has learnt this too."

Despite the present Blue-White Campaign, some 40 per cent of Kol Bo Shalom's merchandise is imported. Policy, he says, is to offer the best value in the best product

of its type, regardless of origin. What of the well-known (and often totally unjustified) "made in Israel" appeal? It dates back, he says, to the time when imports were such a rarity as to give them great appeal. His store aims to give the consumer a fair choice of comparable products, both local and foreign.

In a few spheres, notably glassware, furniture and lighting fixtures, local ranges are definitely limited. But fashions, soft furnishings, local cosmetics and foodstuffs made here have improved tremendously over the years.

At the same time, he claims, Shalom Stores offers facilities no one else here can supply: monthly credit facilities, a country-wide dispatch service and, in addition to all its retail departments, a waxworks museum, children's funfair — Mayerland — and rooftop observatory, all under one roof. □

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1977



they obtained the necessary visitors' visas for them. Niccolini, his two brothers, their four performing chimps and one pet Basset hound joined the Medrano circus in Tel Aviv, coming directly from Las Vegas. Brought up in the U.S., the brothers have a Spanish father and are also part of the circus clan. Niccolini is happy at the response his cabaret-style act is getting here. His chimps' only complaint is the short supply of bananas — which are just coming into season — but they are enjoying Jaffa oranges instead. Impresario Aharon Berman, who has had a virtual monopoly on the import of circuses here for 30-odd years, estimates the overheads of the current tour at some IL7.6m. — which was put up by him and several other private investors. Medrano, he says, is the best circus in Italy, booked in advance for years, and an excellent proposition commercially. They are under contract here for three months, with an option to extend the period — last time they stayed for seven-and-a-half months. After Tel Aviv, they will appear in Haifa, Jerusalem and Beerseba. To judge by the crowds that are packing the 3,500-seat Big Top twice a day, clowns, tigers, elephants, tight-ropes walkers, sequins, spangles and candy floss have still not lost their magic. □

VIENNA HAS a strange attraction for me; it is a love-hate relationship. I cannot deny that Vienna shaped me. I can hardly work without a background of classical music; no song can stir me like a Schubert lied.

I treasure the memories of journeys to Canada, Patagonia and New Zealand, because their meadows and mountain peaks resemble the landscapes of my childhood. I am sure I will die with a pun on my lips, that "lowest form of wit" that was considered the height of humour along the banks of the Danube.

There is no need to explain the hate part of my relationship. I had better not go into details. Just witnessing the delirium with which "raped" Austria greeted its conquering prodigal son was nauseating enough for a lifetime. So why ever go back?

On my first trip, I came to confirm my hatred, and the Austrians obliged. Later on, we induced my wife's Viennese nanny to come and look after our children in Jerusalem, and visiting her when she finally retired provided a pretext for dropping in to Vienna whenever we were in Europe.

My resolve to hate was considerably weakened when, in 1986, I saw a masterful performance of Arthur Schnitzler's *Professor Bernhardt* at Vienna's famous Burgtheater. To hear a Viennese audience applaud this brilliant indictment of anti-Semitism somehow soothed my scarred feelings. And then, the Austrians elected a Jew, Bruno Kreisky, as their *Bundeskanzler*, the equivalent of prime minister. Never mind what kind of a Jew Bruno Kreisky is — it was still a remarkable sign.

So why do I always wince when somebody praises the charms of Vienna? Why can I not let bygones be bygones? As I sit on a bench in the *Aargarten*, the playground of my childhood, I become aware that it is no longer the trauma of Vienna under Hitler, but the memories of my first return that prevent my unalloyed enjoyment of the undeniable beauty of this city.

THE HITCHHIKER I picked up on the Arlberg Pass was Viennese, with all that implies in honeyed politeness and eagerness to please. Having noticed the French plates on my little Renault, he made some flattering remarks about France.

"I'm not French," I said. "I thought not," said he. "your German is too good. You must be German, Bavarian, I presume."

For the next few moments I had to concentrate on passing a big truck ahead on the winding road. My companion took my silence to be a confirmation of his statement, and he immediately began lauding the German-Austrian comradeship in arms during World War II. A Bavarian had been his closest buddy. I was amused by his flexibility, and said I was not a German.

"Well, where do you come from, if I may ask?"

"At the moment," I answered, "from the United States."

"America!" he exclaimed. "Where would we be without America? What a generous, idealistic country!"

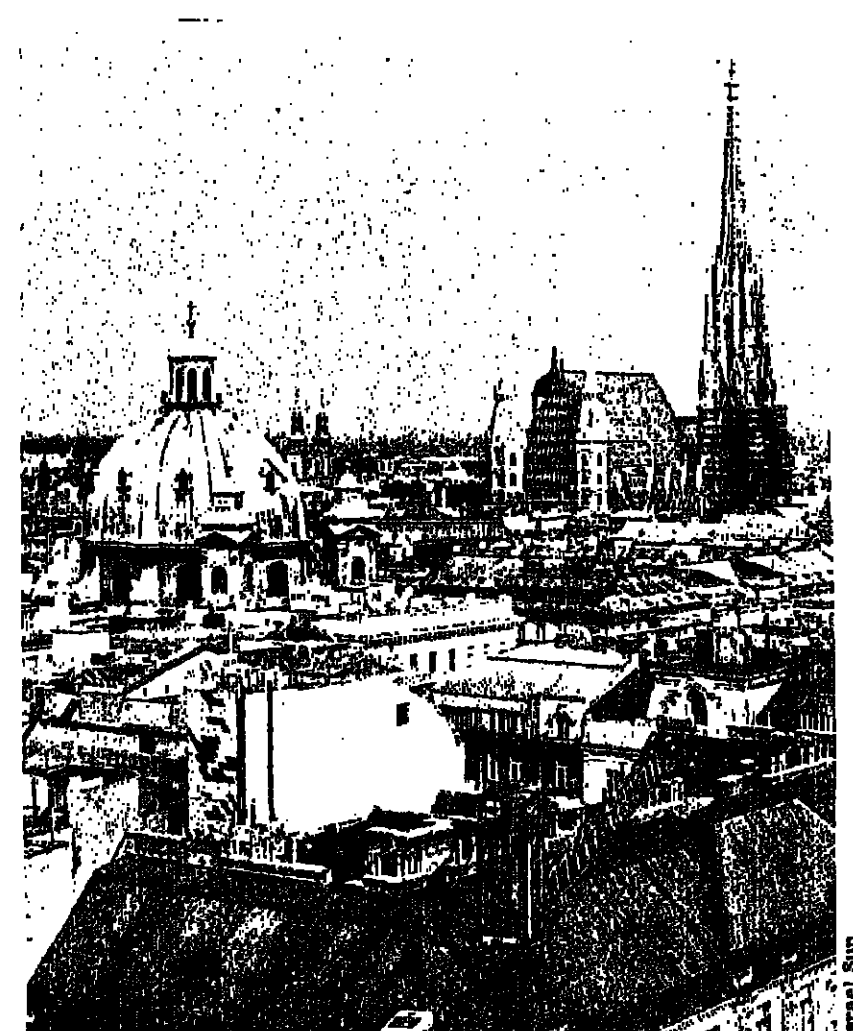
When he had finished I said, "Look here, let's finish this game. This country used to be my home. I was kicked out. I'm a Jew."

Though startled for a moment, he did not lose his presence of mind.

"Frankly," he said, "if you hadn't admitted it yourself, I never would have believed it."

A CITY WITHOUT JEWS

Although he had to leave Vienna as a refugee from the Nazis, BENNO WEISER VARON finds that his native city has an almost irresistible attraction for him. He recalls his first return to the Austrian capital in the mid-fifties.



That's where I came in I thought. Here we go again. The greatest compliment my companion could pay me was that I could pass as an "Aryan."

IT TOOK ME four days, because I dawdled, to reach Vienna. As I drove into the city, the old distances and sizes seemed amazingly shrunken, and I found myself on the central Ringstrasse much sooner than I had expected.

The city looked like a toy model of the one in my memory. But things had changed in fact as well as appearance. There were gaps among the houses like missing teeth, and everything seemed somehow a little out of shape.

With pounding heart and a feeling of sadness, I drove into Leopoldstadt, the old Jewish section where my family had lived. Once Leopoldstadt had teemed with Jewish life, but only now, when there were no Jews left in it, did it look like a ghetto. The streets looked strangely empty, only one store sign bore a name I remembered.

I visited my old high school. It was a moment I had long anticipated. Somewhat to my irrational surprise, the building was still standing. And I found out that my old math teacher was still alive, retired now and living on a pension. I had coffee and pastry with him in a coffee house.

We talked about what had become of the other teachers, and I noticed that he mentioned only the "Aryan" ones. I had to ask

him point-blank about the Jewish teachers. It was obvious that he had to refer to a completely different filling-cabinet in his mind: the difference between gentle and Jew had become so ingrained that, even a decade after the Nazis, Jews remained another category of human beings.

Then I asked, "What's Vienna like without Jews?"

"Aren't they back?" he answered, astonished. "They were 9,000 out of a population of 180,000. One did not have to be a teacher of mathematics to realize that this came to no more than 5 per cent. Even so, he did not seem happy about the 5 per cent."

"There's Herr Leopoldi, for instance," he said, referring to a popular composer-pianist who had returned from exile in the U.S. "When he landed in New York he knelt down on the pier and kissed the asphalt. He should have stayed there." Then he added with a smirk, "But when he came back to Austria he kissed the ground, too."

MY OLD TEACHER at the Anatomic Institute, now its highest-ranking associate professor, received me with open arms.

He had been dismissed by the Nazis in 1938, and because he had remained faithful to his Jewish sweetheart, who had been in my class in medical school, he was

(Continued on page 16)

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE ELEVEN

Eye am a camera

Melir Ronnen

TWO YOUNG immigrant photographers in their early twenties have redeemed the value of the Jerusalem Theatre Gallery as a venue for newcomers. TERRY LOWENTHAL, a graduate of the Rochester (NY) Institute of Technology, and LAWRENCE MIGDALE, from Johannesburg, met while doing graduate work at the photography department of the London Polytechnic.

They arrived here last March to work as volunteers at Kibbutz En Dor, where part of this show was photographed. Migdale's circus essay, also on show, has been acquired by the Eastman House Permanent Collection. He is to begin teaching photography at the Bezalel Academy next month. Lowenthal now does public relations photography here.

Lowenthal has a penchant for pairing photographs in a semi-conceptual manner. At En Dor she made a series called "Object - Shadow" in which she shot such things as a light bracket and then its shadow falling on something else, without the original source appearing in the second photograph.

She also has a series in colour, entitled "Double-portraits of Bushes" (made in Rochester last year), showing shrubs and pairs of trees that are very similar in form and sitting but are as individual as people, or as say, soldiers in the same uniform.

Lowenthal's approach is that of the artist: she uses her comparisons to make us look carefully and more perceptively at objects we normally take for granted and otherwise hardly "see" at all.

Migdale's subject matter is people and what many writers still tackily refer to as "the human condition." In his two series on show here, one of kibbutzniks and volunteers in Purim dress, the other of performers in a Swiss circus, Migdale adopts the frank confrontational approach of the late Diane Arbus, who posed American freaks in their natural habitat (Siamese twins, transvestites, etc.). All of Migdale's subjects look into the lens too, with the same mixture of pride, defiance and resignation.

The Swiss circus-folk studios are superb, beautifully composed and printed; and the types are of course of great interest. By con-



Laurence Migdale: from the Circus Kite series.

trast, the people in Purim costume at the kibbutz are bereft of all glamour, treated without charm and all photographed against the same unglamorous shed. The costumes and poses are such that the subjects seem almost pathetic. Some of the prints, which are fairly flat, are hand-tinted in the manner of greeting cards and photographs of yesterday. Migdale seems to suggest a link with this tradition and to do so with no small touch of cynicism. All in all, an interesting exhibit (till Sept. 22, afterwards only, apart from theatre performance times).

HANNAH HIRSHMAN COHEN is showing a large number of small enameled on copper and a series of colourful monochrome prints. While her general approach is decorative, there are few "portrait miniatures" in semi-cartoon style that have great charm; a few of them show real character. They are something of a first in this medium (Jerusalem House of Quality, Hevron 12, Jerusalem). Till Sept. 9.

THOSE WHO remember with affection the studio-shop of the

Limits of glass

Gil Goldfine

GLASS HAS never "made it big" as a sculptural medium. Not even the grand experiment of 20th-century modernism, in which neither image nor substance has been held sacred, could accept the fragility and intransigence of glass. The almost absolute limitations of the substance when it comes to modelling and moulding three dimensional volumes (the exception, of course, is the ancient art of glass blowing, which is not being considered here), have resulted in glass being allocated a low rung on the fine art scale.

Recently, however, the Glass Museum at Ramat Aviv, ostensibly an educational institution devoted to the history of glass, has attempted to elevate the traditional decorative aspect of the craft to a "finer" plane by sponsoring, within its limited space, special group and solo exhibitions.

The current show of glass "sculptures" by the Australian artist ALLEN DAVID highlights the restricted qualities of the vitreous material and the inevitably narrow range of expression. One can almost feel the artist's frustration in having to stop short of realizing something of greater importance.

David's pieces are generally monolithic abstractions. No real modelling takes place — only the additive and constructivist method of creating dimensional art is realized as flat planes are angled or melted onto each other to create low relief and textured surfaces.

Singular, table-sized vertical forms of blunted squares or squashed amorphic shapes rely solely on their surface decoration for aesthetic appeal. But with the exception of two or three works, the colourful glazes — applied in geometric patterns or splattered uncontrolled between sandwiched sheets of glass — do not occupy one's attention for more than a few seconds. Nor do they project any special reasons for renewed interest or further study.

David's technical treatment of the glass occasionally results in dense rock crystal formations, burnished to a dull finish and painted in swabs of dark blue and green; they conjure up faint echoes of Miro ceramics and Klee drawings. Apart from these limited compositions, however, glass as a three-dimensional sculptural material, judging from this show, seems destined to remain in the hallowed halls of decoration (Glass Museum, Museum Ha'aretz, Ramat Aviv, Autumn Exhibit).

OF THE three painters currently exhibiting at Tzavta Gallery, my preference is for PANASI, whose large Rauschenbergian-inspired panels gleam with lavish colour and contain an adequate array of symbolism, while possessing an intuitive, unmethodical, compositional play of shape, line and collage textures.

Panasi's smaller mixed-media pictures are often packed with images crossbred from such divergent influences as Matisse and Osvaldo Romberg, borrowing



Allen David: glass sculpture (Museum Ha'aretz, Ramat Aviv).

from the former a freehand brush filled with luminous lipstick hues, and from the latter a penchant for diagrammatic exercise. Although not overly original, Panasi is open to investigation, inventive and decisive.

After criticising Yair Garbuz (the Tzavta Gallery director) in this column a few weeks ago for his narrow choice of artists and styles, we are now shown the work of CHAIM COHEN, who could easily be given the nom de plume "Son of Garbuz," for he truly tries to echo the Garbuz approach.

First, there appears the idea of aggression and friction in the literal infrastructure, built upon people in conflict; fading, speeding automobiles; and contact sports, all supported by a caustic palette of roughly brushed pigment within clearly contoured shapes.

Secondly, there is the use of transfer techniques (of photographic images from journals and newspapers altered and changed by overglazing, scribbling and spraying).

Thirdly, Cohen segments his compositions, so that a particular episode is compartmentalized into a flat repetitive pattern.

The result of all this is a series of panels that, despite the visual bravado, gives one the feeling that one has seen it all before.

Rounding out the trio is YA'AKOV DORCHIN, who shows a potpourri of techniques and images spanning a period of some 15 years. Except for a group of dramatic black and white drawings, in which his furious lines (reminiscent of Alechinsky) battle with the edges of the rectangle in a desperate attempt to escape from the frame, I found his assemblages, collages and non-objective oils uninspiring. (Tzavta Gallery, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Tel Aviv). Till Sept. 22.

RUMANIAN-born ADOLPH ADLER shows broadly-brushed oil paintings of subjects ranging from female nudes and Spartan still life to occasional allegories of Jewish life and traditions. His standard of drawing is consistently good, unlike that translations into colour and light where the realism becomes rather hackneyed and the reduction towards abstraction (emulating Shmuel Tzipori) is obvious by a standard compositional grid. Except for the rare passage here and there, the total package is definitely a dusty one (Abday Gallery, 4 Bograshov, Tel Aviv).

THIS IS yet another of those major research works which have remained undimmed by the passage of time. Gedalyahu Alon, Talmud scholar and Graeco-Roman historian *par excellence*, died in 1980, in the prime of his life and in the midst of his scholarly endeavours at the Hebrew University. Nevertheless, this volume (two in the original Hebrew) and the companion work on Jewish history during the Talmudic age soon to appear in English, are an indication of the scope, quantity and of course calibre of his output.

This collection of essays represents, with a few minor omissions from the original Hebrew, an in-depth, comprehensive study of some problems of prime concern to Jewish and non-Jewish researchers into the Talmud and Talmudic era.

Did or did not the rabbis of the Talmud, for example, intend to consign the Maccabees to oblivion and to restate the origins of the Hanukkah festival in terms of a few divinely-ordained, miraculous events? In this by-now-classic discussion, Alon has responded with a resoundingly unequivocal "no" to both queries (which are basically one and the same). More positively put, the author has shown that the Sages, by and large, went so far as to include Hasmonean royalty "among the great national leaders of the era of the Second Temple."

THIS ARTICLE is followed by another on "The Attitude of the Pharisees to Roman Rule and the House of Herod," a highly controversial theme, to say the least. Yet, to hear the views propounded in the main by 19th and early 20th-century Christian scholars (and adopted with some modifications by their Jewish colleagues), one is left with the impression of a rather bland, simplistic approach; the Pharisees' attitude to the Hasmoneans and to Rome was based on their opposition to the politicization of the nation.

According to this thesis, the approach emanated from the rabbis' desire to maintain the Jewish community's peculiarly religious-political character. The logical outcome of this argument: the Pharisees not only fought against the last representatives of the Hasmonean dynasty, but willingly

subjected themselves to the rule of Rome and of the House of Herod.

A more lopsided and oversimplified (and, according to Alon, distorted) view of the matter would be hard to conceive. On what basis Alon concluded that the Pharisees as a whole were opposed to both Herodian and Roman rule, we shall leave to the reader to find out, in this typically instructive chapter.

The long, very intricate essay on "Philo's Halacha" will demand a good deal of patience, not to

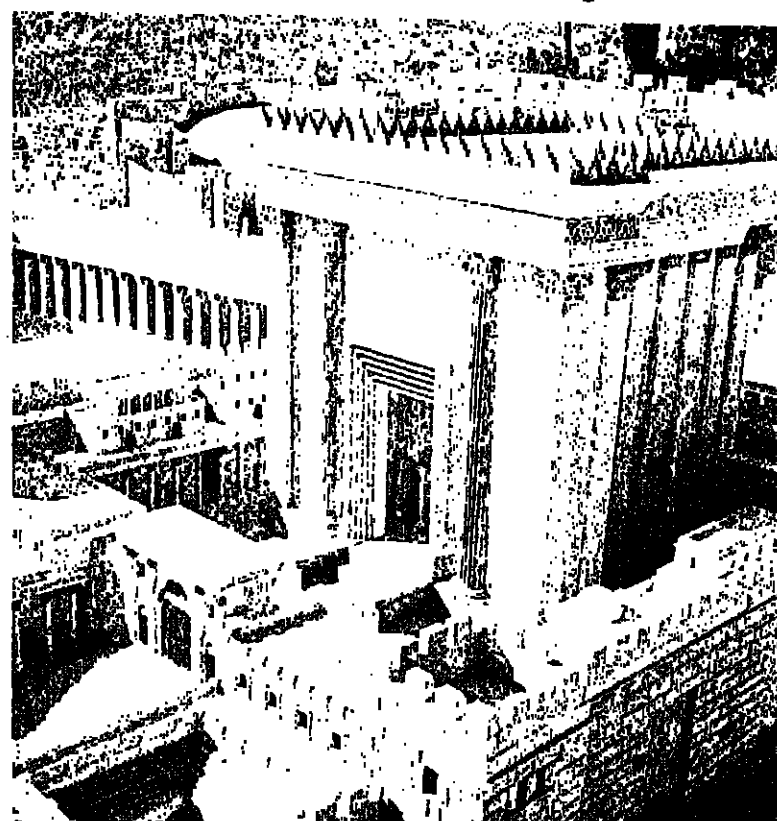
mention Philonic and rabbinic erudition on the part of the reader, layman as well as scholar (for whom the work is primarily intended). But for the lay person, this discussion will serve as an eye-opening introduction to the vexed issue, and scholars whose lack of knowledge of modern Hebrew has kept them in ignorance of the essay until now will surely feel amply rewarded for their patience.

Both this discussion, and the succeeding one on ben Zakkai's patriarchate, constitute one of the most auspicious attempts to shed light on the fascinating, complex, but unfortunately hazy transition era, which was to be so vital to the future of the entire Jewish people.

The masterly treatment of the clash between the Sage and his followers and their antagonists from four different camps, is one more proof of Gedalyahu Alon's vast erudition as Talmudist and scholar of the Greek-Roman world.

The translation is itself one of the last *chef d'oeuvre* from the pen of the late Israel Abrahams, a scholar in his own right. □

The Roman yoke



Model of Herod's temple at Jerusalem's Holyland Hotel. (Rubinger)

JEW, JUDAISM AND THE CLASSICAL WORLD by Gedalyahu Alon. Translated from the Hebrew by Israel Abrahams. Introduction by Shmuel Safrai. Jerusalem, Magnes Press. 498 pp. IL225.

David Solomon

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Omelette makers

TERROR OUT OF ZION: Irgun, Zvai Leumi, Lehi, and the Palestine Underground, 1929-1949 by J. Bowyer Bell. St. Martin's. 374 pp. \$13.95.

Israel Margalith

leadership has replaced the previous Labour majority, which represented forces opposed, during the British mandatory period, to the militancy and philosophy of the Irgun and Lehi (known as the Stern Gang).

The two last commanders of the anti-British underground, Menahem Begin of the Irgun and Yitzhak Shamir of Lehi, have become, respectively, Prime Minister and Speaker of the Knesset.

In his closing chapter, Dr. Bell mentions *en passant* the possibility of Begin's Likud bloc being an alternative government. But evaluating Begin's current position in historical perspective, in comparison with other un-

derground leaders in Africa, Asia, Ireland and Cyprus, who all acquired respectability, he states: "... beyond the bounds of the Middle East, Begin and the others somehow never went through that strange transmutation from rebels to respected statesmen."

He attempts to explain the difficulty of rationalizing the British oppression in Palestine after the Holocaust, which provoked the underground's response and resulted in the execution of British soldiers taken as hostages and the hanging of underground fighters in retaliation.

Speculating on Begin's political future and posture, Dr. Bell holds that "perhaps a Begin in power, his edges blunted by responsibilities, a man redeemed from murder, might have eased matters. But Begin remained unrepentant, on the far side of the Knesset, with neither substantive power nor parliamentary prospects."

THE FACTS, events and issues recorded and analysed in Dr.

rights as the native Jews. He continues with a remarkable passage to the effect that should any members of the Jewish community betray the One God, they ought forthwith to be subjected to the severest penalties at the hands of anyone zealous for the Law.

Now, as Alon points out, this type of impromptu justice is contrary to the *Halacha*, which ordains that idolaters must be tried in court, like other transgressors. As is well known, the rabbis of the Talmudic age went to extreme lengths to ensure that the law take its proper course in capital cases.

Yet, according to Alon, there is sufficient evidence in the various Talmudic passages to indicate that in preaching this urgent action *Halacha*, Philo was basing himself on an ancient Jewish legal tradition — a tradition actually acted upon in Eretz Yisrael and elsewhere in the Jewish world of his time. Alon appears to have a stronger *prima facie* case for this viewpoint than do his dissenting colleagues for theirs.

OF THE remaining chapters, the two that treat Rabbi Yohanan ben Zakkai must be especially recommended. The first sheds important light on the famous Talmudic episode of the Emperor Vespasian's alleged grant of the town of Yavne to the great rabbinic leader. This essay is very important for the additional reason that it touches upon the fascinating subject of the immediate post-Revolt period in Eretz Yisrael and, in particular, the rabbinic leadership of the day.

Both this discussion, and the succeeding one on ben Zakkai's patriarchate, constitute one of the most auspicious attempts to shed light on the fascinating, complex, but unfortunately hazy transition era, which was to be so vital to the future of the entire Jewish people.

The masterly treatment of the clash between the Sage and his followers and their antagonists from four different camps, is one more proof of Gedalyahu Alon's vast erudition as Talmudist and scholar of the Greek-Roman world.

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Bell's study are still a matter of controversy in Israeli political reality. Scholars and laymen alike are divided in their view of the practical effects of the revolt against the British.

The author gathered his information from numerous interviews with ex-members of both undergrounds, as part of a comprehensive study of anti-British armed insurrections throughout the world. This book was elaborated from one chapter because he found that the Jewish undergrounds "were articulate and had been most efficient," unlike others "where the articulate are often irrelevant, and, more often than not, incompetence is all but institutionalized."

Dr. Bell also interviewed Sir John Shaw, Chief Secretary of the British mandatory government in Jerusalem, the man who in 1948 did not take seriously the warning about the King David Hotel bombing and did not order its evacuation. He analyses this in the objective and impartial manner he also adopts in dealing with Deir Yassin.

This he describes as a battle against an Arab stronghold, with relatively very great casualties

It's still eggplant

GOURMET FOOD FROM ISRAEL by Ruth Sirkis. Tel Aviv, Zmora, Bitan, Modan Publishers and Steimatzky. 88 pp. IL49.80.

Sybil Zimmerman

THE PURPOSE of this cookbook, according to the author, is "to introduce the current popular Israeli dishes to the American reader." Because of this, each recipe was tested in an American home kitchen. The book is also intended to help tourists in Israel understand and enjoy the foods offered in restaurants, cafes and kiosks.

Ruth Sirkis has the qualifications for the job: she is food editor of the Israeli women's magazine, *At*, and has a syndicated weekly column in Jewish newspapers in the U.S.

But I would disagree with Mrs. Sirkis that these recipes are for "gourmet food." By most definitions, gourmet food is that which is exceptionally delicate and intricately prepared. Somehow, everyday dishes like eggplant salad, vegetable soup and schnitzel, and street food like kebab, felaful and Turkish coffee are not my idea of "gourmet" food.

And although it doesn't affect the recipes, I must also comment on one case of sloppy proofreading: in the table of contents on the back cover, there is a case of misnumbering.

The recipes themselves are presented in a handy, pocket-book-size spiral paperback and include the most typical 26 Israeli snacks and first courses, soups and side dishes, main courses, and desserts.

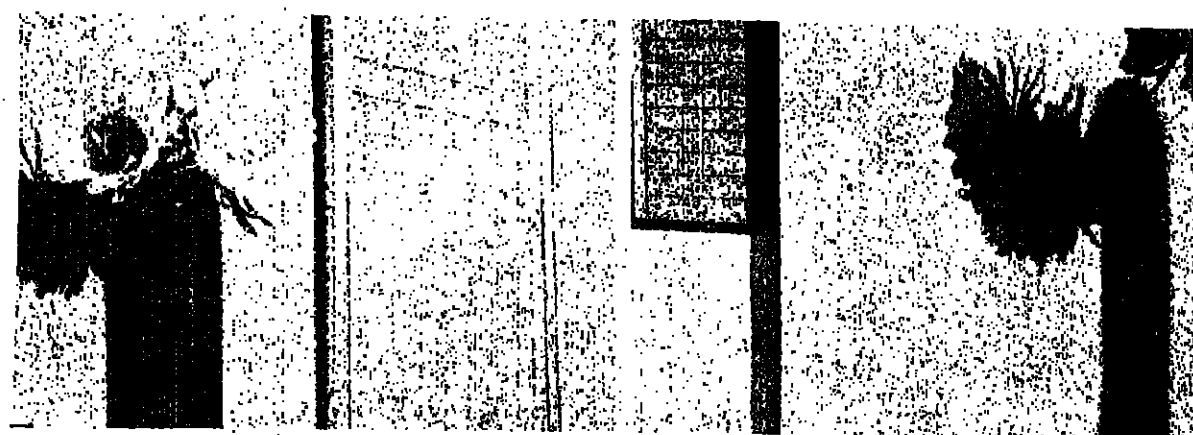
If you're planning a trip to the U.S., this would make a very nice gift. Or if you need gifts to keep around the house, to give to Americans visiting Israel, this will also suit your purpose. □

for the Jewish combatants, rejecting the Arab myth about a deliberate massacre. He claims, on the other hand, that lack of coordination between the Irgun and Lehi units made the battle a house-to-house struggle and that the loudspeaker warnings could not be heard by the civilians, who remained in their houses with the armed men.

The author makes a distinction between the more ruthless approach of Lehi and that of the Irgun, which always gave warnings, and declares that "given the grisly events of the next generation, the Palestinian underground was remarkably restrained."

Dr. Bell has written an exciting study. Though limited to printed sources and information because of his lack of knowledge of Hebrew, and despite some minor inaccuracies, he has provided an expert's view of the subject, instructive both for the scholar and for the layman seeking to understand the background to current events in Israel and the Middle East. □

The reviewer is professor of Jewish History at the Cleveland College of Jewish Studies.



Terry Lowenthal: from the "Object-Shadow" series (Jerusalem Theatre Gallery).

مكتبة الأصيل

Perfumed paper



LOVE LETTERS, An Anthology chosen by Antonia Fraser, Illustrations by James Hutheson. London, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 247 pp. £4.05

Aviva Even-Paz

HOW FITTING that Lady Antonia should be the one to choose this anthology. Luxuriating in love's bower, seemingly untroubled by disturbing thoughts of abandoned husband and six children or of stealing another woman's husband, she looks at us from the back cover, honeycoloured head resting on richly tapestried cushions, costly rings on her fingers, slumbrous blue eyes all melting mystery, quite irresistible — and an intellectual to boot.

In her introduction she says that she has gone for "the heart on the sleeve, or at any rate, on paper."

The book is divided into different states of love such as Declarations, Pleas, Rejections, Ecstasies, Passions, Jealousies, Separations, Fears and Worries, Unions and so on. But as I read letter after letter (probably that was a mistake, they should be taken in small doses), the feeling grew that there wasn't much of a dividing line between these various aspects of love, that being in love necessarily includes being jealous, passionate, rejected, ecstatic, and pleading, declaring, separating, worrying and occasionally uniting.

We have all got our Doctorate in Love but different styles will appeal to different experiences. My favourite is Disraeli to Mary Anne Wyndham Lewis, the rich older widow: "I avow when I first made my advances to you I was influenced by no romantic feelings... I myself, about to com-

mence a practical career wished for the sake of a home and shrank from all the torturing passions of intrigue. I was not blind to worldly advantage in such an alliance, but I had already proved my heart was not to be purchased. I found you, as I thought, amiable, tender and yet acute and gifted with no ordinary mind... one who could sympathize with all my projects and feelings, console me in the moments of depression, share my hour of triumph and work with me for our honour and happiness." Straight out of Jane Austen! And how nice to know that they married and lived happily ever after.

On the other hand, it is disconcerting to read Byron, first in 1812 to Lady Caroline Lamb ("mad, bad and dangerous to know"): "No other, in word or deed, shall ever hold the place in my affections, which is, and shall be, most sacred to you"; and then in 1810 to Teresa Guiccioli: "My destiny rests with you... I more than love you and cannot cease to love you."

Or Victor Hugo to his future wife, Adele Foucher, in 1821: "When two souls have sought for each other, however long in the throng, have finally found each other... there is then established forever between them a union which begins on earth and continues for ever in heaven"; but who, in 1833 receives this letter from his semi-permanent mistress, Juliette Drouot: "If you knew how I long for you, how the memory of last night leaves me delicious with joy and full of desire."

In fact, it seems the soberer the language, the more reliable the union, as in this letter from Margery Brews to John Paston, written in 1477: "I let you plainly understand that my father will no more money part withal in that behalf, but £100 and 50 marks, which is right far from the accomplishment of your desire." The notes at the back tell us "after some wrangling over the dowry they were married" and no doubt all the happier for getting down to

business at the beginning. Who would have thought such ardour as this, "reminding us of a point in astronomy, which is the longer the days are the farther off is the sun and yet the hotter; so it is with our love, for although by absence we are parted it nevertheless keeps its fervency," expressed by Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn, would end as it did on the scaffold?

UNABASHED SEX is surprisingly not amongst the foremost preoccupations of these letters. Only Chopin, in a letter to Delphine Potocka, keeps harping on one note, so to speak: "Who knows what ballades, polonaises, perhaps an entire concerto have been forever engulfed in your little D flat major (their code for the female organ, possibly because D flat is the black key between two white keys, C and D). Works which should have come to life, drowned in your sweetest little D flat major, so that you are filled with music and pregnant with my compositions. When you finally arrive in your diligence, I will glue myself to you for a whole week, you won't be able to tear me away from the little D flat major, and to hell with inspiration and ideas."

One would like to quote from the heartrending letter of Camille Desmoulins to his wife before being guillotined in the French Revolution, or from Catherine of Aragon's farewell to Henry VIII or plain Private Bert Fielder from Flanders Field in 1915 to his "dear Scrump" before being killed, and from Napoleon's missives to Josephine from the battlefield and who seemed ready to jump into bed with his boots on.

A cheerier note is struck by the Prince de Joinville in his note to the Jewish actress Rachel Félix: "Where? When? How Much?" and her reply: "Your place — Tonight — Free."

Only one thing is missing from this collection — Lady Antonia's own letter to "Harold" to whom, naturally enough, the book is dedicated.

After the Quartet



SICILIAN CAROUSEL by Lawrence Durrell, London, Faber & Faber, 223 pp. £5.25

Daniel Gavron

IS THERE a generalization that will cover the purpose of writing and reading books, taking into account the stupendous variety of works published? I would like to put forward the following: every book is an attempt to convey understanding to the reader, either in order to enhance his perception of a physical or emotional experience, or simply to impart factual information.

On both these levels *Sicilian Carousel* is a resounding triumph. It is not just that Lawrence Durrell writes supremely well; we already knew that. Here he has taken a fairly prosaic event, a bus tour of Sicily, and fashioned it into a beautiful work of art.

On the factual level it is almost as good as making the trip yourself: the sights, sounds and smells of this fascinating land are captured and vividly conveyed. On another level it is even better. For it is unlikely that, if you went on the tour, you would be fortunate enough to wind up with so civilized, knowledgeable and charming a travelling companion as the author.

THE SCENERY of Sicily, its mountains, shores, towns, villages, inns and (above all) ruins are lovingly described. At the same time, Durrell's fellow travellers are affectionately and wittily brought to life, from Deeds, the former Desert Rat, to Miss Lobb, a London barmaid, down to Beddoes, the pre-school master on the run from some didactic commitment in Durgence. The Italian guide, the Sicilian driver and even the little red bus emerge as distinct individuals drawn by his deft pen.

Had Durrell left it at that, we would have little to complain about; but he has done much more.

His visit to Sicily was prompted by the death of an intimate friend, Martine, who had for years been urging him to visit the island. Counterpointed with the smoothly-flowing narrative is a dialogue between Durrell and the dead Martine about the nature of Mediterranean civilization; the role of the olive tree in developing that society; the differing influences of the Greeks and the Romans; philosophy, religion, life and death. It is difficult to convey the richness of every page of this book.

The volume is beautifully illustrated with engravings and, as if this were not enough, six hitherto unpublished poems by the author are thrown in as a bonus.



Wagon-lit'rature

THE GREAT RAILWAY BAZAAR by Paul Theroux. Penguin Books, 379 pp. 85p.

Robert D. Kaplan

THOSE WHO HAVE travelled by land through Asia know that the state of each country's culture may be gauged by the performance of its trains. The weekly "express" that connects Istanbul with Tehran always arrives days late, but all the time is lost in Turkey where it takes a whole night to load the cars onto a ferry that crosses Lake Van. A similar train in Japan takes 15 minutes. Indian trains have three classes and a vegetarian kitchen. Singapore trains have cars reserved for Buddhist monks. In Pakistan, I learned, it's not the seat reservation that counts, but whether the man you've paid to secure your seat for you runs faster than his competitors. And in Afghanistan, a country where many of the members of parliament are illiterate, there just aren't any trains at all.

American-born Paul Theroux,

whom the *New York Times* called one of the most underrated good writers around, reports that the "railway bazaar represented the society so completely that to board it was to be challenged by the national character."

Theroux is most adroit in the relating dialogue. On his train journey across Asia, it is not so much the trains as the people he meets on them that are revealing: "Most Indians I met had jobs that defied analysis. They were salesmen for firms that made seamless tubes, plastic washers large and comfortable you don't or bleaching agents; they even need a destination, a corner marked bench marks or haaps seat is enough." Sitting secure in for manila folders. Once I met a Sikh who made rubber goods, but nothing simple like tyres or con-rubber cups; he made bushings and castings. I said I didn't understand. He explained: "Castings — rubber ones — for lugged sprockets."

In Turkey the author meets a writer who is an "ardent supporter of both the Soviet government and Solzhentzayn, which is something like rooting for the devil as well as Daniel Webster; he is a Muslim Marxist, his wife is

a Jew, and the only foreign country he likes better than Russia is Israel."

GIVEN THE author's annoying idiosyncracies — he is paranoid about homosexuals and keeps asking for a private compartment — he nevertheless manages to meet an assortment of characters who explode his fears, but not his scepticism. After finding himself alone with a fat Turk, Theroux says: "I'm not, um, queer. Well, you know, I don't like boys and —" The Turk replies: "And me, I don't like." He then lies down and goes to sleep.

Theroux passes off Afghanistan as a "nuisance." He writes that the food there "smells of cholera." How, precisely, can food "smell of cholera"? However, as any reader of *Jungle Lovers*, or of Theroux's other novels, can attest, the author has an acerbic wit and is good at catching the rot beneath the surface in an exotic locale. And *The Great Railway Bazaar* is not disappointing in this respect. Of Ventiane he writes:

"The brothels are cleaner than the hotels, marijuana is cheaper than pipe tobacco, and opium easier to find than a cold glass of beer... The only English film I could find in Ventiane was a pornographic one... Laos was one of the America's practical jokes, a motteless place where nothing was made, everything imported... The more I thought of it, the more it seemed like a lower form of life, like the cross-eyed planarian or squishy amoeba, the sort of creature that can't die even when it is cut to ribbons."

For the author, the places are not so important as "the getting there." As he writes, "if a train is seamless tubes, plastic washers large and comfortable you don't or bleaching agents; they even need a destination, a corner marked bench marks or haaps seat is enough." Sitting secure in for manila folders. Once I met a Sikh who made rubber goods, but nothing simple like tyres or con-rubber cups; he made bushings and castings. I said I didn't understand. He explained: "Castings — rubber ones — for lugged sprockets."

In Turkey the author meets a writer who is an "ardent supporter of both the Soviet government and Solzhentzayn, which is something like rooting for the devil as well as Daniel Webster; he is a Muslim Marxist, his wife is

as tough a homicide detective as ever trudged the fictional streets of New York. But he finds himself far out of his native element when he tries to play cowboys and Red Indians in the high snows of Arizona and New Mexico. The ending, to which I have already referred, offends one's sense of what is right and fitting, in detective fiction as well as real life. Surely McQuaid could have used the billionaire husband to provide an antidote for rattlesnake poison? But the hard-hitting book is certainly a gripper.

Equally absorbing, and far more subtle, is *Chance Awakening*. George Markstein writes crisply, sparsely and well. His plot is full of the most subtle turns and convolutions. Here too there is a new twist, the hero is a Soviet " sleeper," Michael Golly, a man of courage, intelligence, and great integrity. The " sleeper" is awakened by Moscow, and fights for his sanity in maze after maze weaved around him by British and American enemies.

But who are they? Which cards are honest, and which are counterfeit? A first-rate and very satisfying thriller. □

Cast of slayers

LAST DITCH by Ngalo Marsh. Little Brown, Boston, 285 pp. \$4.50.

THE SNOW RATTLERS by Shepherd Rifkin. Putnam, New York, 223 pp. \$7.95.

CHANCE AWAKENING by George Markstein. Souvenir Press, London, 23.50, 261 pp.

Philip Gillon

THE NEW TWIST in Ngalo Marsh's latest novel is not in the development of the plot, but in the cast of players. The hero is not Chief Superintendent Roderick Althayn, but his son, Ricky.

Ricky has no desire to be either a super-detective like the governor or even a painter like his mother, Troy; all he wants is to be a writer, so he goes off to an obscure island to write the Great Novel.

Some men are born sleuths. Some become sleuths. Some have

sleuthery thrust upon them. This is what happens to poor Ricky. Or maybe he cannot escape the destiny locked in his genes. Crimes pursue him, thrust him into dark waters, subject him to tortures.

As a mystery, the book poses no great problems; the villains are there, easy to be seen, and it is not very difficult to detect their nefarious schemes. But the attraction of Ngalo Marsh's work lies not in a tricky poser, but in development of character under stress, and a capacity to write well and to give a sense of place. In its own old-fashioned way, this is a very good, leisurely description of Ricky's adventures, and his capacity to endure travail.

THE SNOW RATTLERS is the opposite, very modern, very tough, very terse, although here too there is no effort to conceal the cloak and dagger, or the identity of the villains. There is, however, a surprise punch in the ending. The hero, Damian McQuaid, is

Striped pants

THE DIPLOMATS: The Foreign Office Today by Geoffrey Moorhouse. London, Jonathan Cape, 405 pp. £7.50.

Nissim Rejwan

PARTLY BY its very nature and partly by the inclinations of its protagonists, diplomacy has always been shrouded by an air of secrecy bordering on the mysterious. One of the most curious features of this book, therefore, is that it was written — as Mr. Moorhouse states — "with a great deal of help from the Foreign and Commonwealth Office without in any sense having been sponsored by it."

This willingness on the part of the Foreign Office to cooperate, to expose the secrets of its inner workings to the public, is no doubt a sign of the times. Most probably the reason for this rare openness has to do with the increasing criticism of the British foreign service in recent years — which would have been made worse by a refusal to be helpful to an enquiring journalist.

Mr. Moorhouse — an experienced and highly regarded journalist

and author — refers to this indirectly when he cites some of the matters in which British diplomacy since the end of World War II has been found to be rather wanting. These include the misinterpretation of developments in the Middle East before the Suez affair; acceptance after 1950, in NATO rearmament negotiations, of an unbearably large British contribution; the failure between 1956 and 1958 to appreciate how committed Continental governments were to European integration; over-emphasis on the relationship with the Commonwealth and the U.S.; and the failure to foresee Rhodesia's U.D.I.

The author is fair enough, however, to agree with the argument that the tendency of successive foreign ministers to blame their civil servants for their own shortcomings is a case of bad workmen blaming their tools. In fact, the fundamental failure in British foreign policy over the last 20 years has been the reluctance of these ministers to consider the possibility of choice, to demand and decide upon clear alternatives.

THE BOOK itself is extremely

well-organized. It is divided into two major parts. The first is devoted to the organization and workings of the Foreign Office, ranging from a history of the extraordinary building which houses "the Office," through the selection of the F.O. élite and the fortunes of diplomats' careers to the Whitehall machine and the difficulties of mere communication.

The second part deals with the organization and workings of diplomatic missions abroad, many of which will soon begin to disappear if Parliament accepts the proposals of the committee that has just reported on the need for Britain to come to terms with her diminished importance in world affairs.

The whole book shows how difficult but nevertheless essential it is for an old and experienced diplomatic service to adapt itself to a world in which diplomacy has changed out of all recognition within a single generation.

How to cope with such a changing world is the theme of the last chapters of Mr. Moorhouse's book. He quotes Lord Trevelyan's warning that members of a diplomatic service "must adapt themselves to the new order of things, or they will find themselves engaged in little more than opening doors for the experts and acting as dispensers of government hospitality abroad."

THE MORAL of all this is that there is a need in any diplomatic

service for more than mere "pragmatism." Mr. Moorhouse, agrees with the Israeli political scientist, Prof. David Vital, that one fairly consistent factor in shaping British foreign policy since the war has been "the adoption of the line of least intellectual resistance... geared essentially to the handling of problems as they arise, rather than to the definition of goals and objectives in terms of which such problems as arise are to be dealt with."

Senior British diplomats freely concede that there is too much pragmatism about the formulation of British foreign policy, says Moorhouse. "What they never make clear," he adds, "is whence it springs."

Reading this excellent dissection of the British diplomatic service, one cannot resist the feeling that something very similar to what has happened to the Foreign Office has been happening to the diplomatic services of most advanced nations. It is a direct result of the re-shaping of the world with the incredibly fast multiplication of independent states, the rise of the Third World, the increasingly crucial importance of oil and other energy sources now largely owned and controlled by non-Western peoples. Thus, though it is exclusively devoted to the British diplomatic machinery, this book should be required reading for all those concerned with the diplomatic game everywhere. □

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مكتبة الأصل

THE COMPUTER was either surly, mischievous, unhappy in its job, or off on reserve duty the other morning, when it was supposed to wake me at 3:15 a.m. The night before I had done that nerve-racking bit of dialling which usually, though not always, gets you the "automatic alarm service," as it's called in the English telephone directory, or "Shard Yekitsu," as it appears in Hebrew.

It's nerve-racking because you have to execute 13 digits flawlessly, and the slightest fingerling mishap might just possibly connect you with Antigua instead, or else wake up some poor soul in place of you.

But I know I dialled beautifully, as a subsequent silly complaint to the telephone authorities proved. And yet, utter stillness at 3:15, when, nervously, I was already awake and expecting the phone call that never came.

After several rather sweet conversations with operators and supervisors who, at my urging,

Alarm and mating service

Inspected the Little Black Box and the Data Input and Output, I was told that the computer had, in fact, called me. Twice, too. No apology, no thought that the customer might have missed a plane or some crucial pre-dawn assignment. No: the computer had performed impeccably while I rudely refused to answer.

The key to the mishap, it seems clear, lies in the computer's demoralizing sense of underutilization. After a classy and expensive education it finds itself ending up underemployed, like so many computers here and elsewhere, with nothing but dumb little functions way below its capacity.

SO WHY NOT give the computer a challenge? We would almost certainly see an improvement in service if, for instance, instead of

Helga Dudman

just having to wake you up by telling you the time, which is not a very tingling or personal way of starting the day, the computer were entrusted with a sequence of interestingly programmed nuances. It would be a happier, more fulfilled computer, and its messages would be custom-made to suit individual emotional needs at wake-up time.

This would combine the "alarm" function with the matchmaking one, which computers are so much better at than we are. "Alarm," by the way, when used without the word "clock," seems pretty strong: I am thinking of something more in the spirit of Richard III, "our stern alarms changed to merry

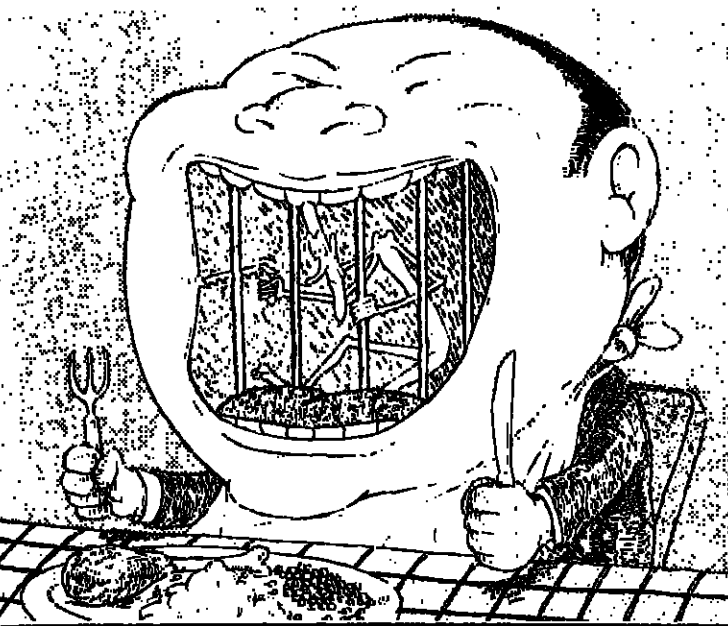
meetings..."

Dialling would be a little more complicated, but well worth it. Even for the present impersonal recording, some potential customers are put off by that "1746107890815," the suggested model in the telephone directory.

But with, say, a digital input of only 1743059884737450238978110545 you could get yourself woken by a tall(30) academic (5) traditional (98) rich (847) cultured technician (3) serious, sympathetic, with own car (745) who would start your day by whispering (0) an inspirational verse (2) with barely audible canary chirp in the background (389) and concluding with a short summary of the cheerful items in the late news and a reminder that we are born anew each day (78) in various languages (11) at 5:45 a.m. (0845).

Alternatively, you might choose being awakened forcefully (718), or gently and reverently (918), or ambiguously, with a Spanish song (2613), or spatefully (47), or via the BBC news and tug at the sheets (633), or the Separate extensions are recommended for married folk. The 174 stays the same. A few additional pages in the directory would cover all the needed codes. The computer would unquestionably be more highly motivated, happier in its work. And we could start our days with custom-dialled awakenings having great partnership potential. Dialling errors could be dangerous, because you might conceivably get a 1m28 academic, divorced (1286222) when you'd hopefully dialled for a 1m28 married plumber (112444). However, maybe the computer knows best. And it's better to be aroused by an overmotivated one than never to be woken up at all.

CALORIE COUNT-DOWN



Ephraim Kishon

"EPHRAIM," the little woman asked, "do you think I'm fat?" "No," said I. "No, you're not."

"But you are!" "Then so are you, Fatty." Actually we're neither of us fat in the full sense of the word. My wife may be a bit roly-polyish at the edges, and I somewhat prominent in profile, but that's a matter of how you look at it rather than what the scales say.

But we went and joined the Weight Watchers anyway, because we like to be fit. Also, the little one's friends kept telling her all these monster-to-midget stories, like how this girl lost 90 pounds in a month, which may not sound like much to you but was a fortune for the poor girl.

At the Weight Watchers we were received by one lady who needed watching herself, and one lean gentleman who served as a Good Example.

"Only three months ago he used to offer his seat in the bus to two old ladies," we were told. "Now he's a ballet dancer."

HERE THE dancer took over to explain the W.W. rules. As soon as you join, he said, we open a file against you. Then you pay your membership dues, and for that you receive a weekly brainwashing and a printed menu.

Now, don't worry, you don't have to stop eating, only give up the good things in life. Bread, butter, spaghetti, schnitzel are out. So are peas, beans, nuts and above all, starches. No starches! Kohlrahl, on the other hand, you may eat as much as you like. Cabbage too. Some milk, and plenty of fish.

Exercise is no good because it only makes you hungry. The best thing to do is lie flat on the floor and take a glass of tepid water once a week. At the end of it you come here to be weighed, and if you aren't found wanting you should be ashamed of yourself. If you are, you get a pat on the back and are sent home for more of the same.

"Splendid," I said, "I never did like exercise." NEXT THE LADY took us away

to be weighed — shoeless but with our keys.

"Sorry," she said, "You aren't overweight enough."

Our spirits sank. That such a petty formality should keep us from joining the Great Family of Watchers! The maddening part of it was that I myself was only six lbs. short of the required minimum, and the little one, being little, only three. They said we were lucky to be disqualified together, sometimes they had to send only one half of a couple home. People get divorced for less.

We, at any rate, went home together and started eating our way through the entire list of forbidden foods, till we felt we'd quality at least as borderline cases. Then we trudged back to the W.W., and just to be on the safe side I filled my pockets with IL60 in small change — and tipped the scales.

"Welcome to the W.W.," said the lady. "Now I can open a file for you."

The Good Example gave us our orders. "Three big meals a day," he said. "Don't starve yourselves. And vary, vary. If you get sick of cabbage, by all means switch to cauliflower. And remember: starch is poison. See you next week."

WE RETURNED home and started on our diet. Our cheese was invariably white and lean, our bread green and cucumber. Then we went back to be weighed, and almost died with shame because we had gained three ounces without a penny in our pockets.

"Yes," the lady pointed out, "I've seen it happen before. You'll have to be stricter with yourselves."

So then we ate nothing but kohlrahl for a week and we didn't gain weight but we didn't lose any either. We felt badly let down, and were sent to talk it over with some fellow W.W.s to boost our morale. It turned out that the same thing had happened to them: it's a case of one's body refusing to cooperate. It just won't count calories, and what can you do?

"Skip a meal a day," one veteran Watcher suggested. "Go swimming," said another,

"and show your body what it feels like to weigh less."

The little one had meanwhile discovered an old pharmacy where the scales were out of order, but half the women of Tel Aviv were always queuing up in front of it — and anyhow, cheat as you may, truth will out at the W.W.

We soon realized we were stuck: no gain, no loss. I looked at the little one and, frankly, I was surprised. How come she wasn't losing weight?

I did have a vague idea why I wasn't — a little bird told me I was moonlighting in the kitchen every night.

The kohlrahl was getting its own back. Actually I guess it was simply the seven-week itch. I woke up one night with an irresistible urge to smell the sweet smell of hot oil. And I knew I just had to fry something or I'd bust. I wanted starch, lovely starch.

I jumped out of bed, tiptoed to the kitchen and emptied an enormous bag of popcorn into a pot of boiling oil. I sprinkled sugar over the white mountain by the spoonful and devoured the lot — fat, starch, poison and all. That was the beginning of my calorie binge. It was potato crisps one night and whipped cream the next, and I really had a lovely time, even if rather thin on account of the double life I was now leading — days of legal, limitless kohlrahl, and nights of cakes and ale.

Ephraim, I would warn myself, you'd better start smoking before it's too late.

AND THEN came the confrontation. One midnight I'm standing by the stove frying bananas when the sleepy figure of my wife enters, makes straight for the laundry basket and digs up a dozen bars of milk chocolate. She peels off the first wrapper, and with her mouth full throws me a conspiratorial wink and generously offers me a bar.

We sat there for half an hour eating chocolate, till all of a sudden my instinct for self-preservation awoke. I crawled to the telephone and dialled the W.W. with the last of my strength.

"Come quick... we're eating... chocolate."

"Hold on!" The Example on duty yelled back. "We're coming!"

The car pulled up with a squeal of brakes. They kicked down the door and found us out cold under the table amid the torn wrappers. They only managed to save the last two bars.

"Never mind, my dears," the Good Example comforted us. "This happens to everybody; you regain in an hour what you've lost in a year of kohlrahl. Then you start again from scratch."

"Please," we begged, "No more kohlrahl!"

"All right. Lettuce."

But we decided to leave the W.W. instead. We were failures, and we knew it.

So now I am prominent in profile again, and the little one is roly-polyish at the edges, but so what? Fat people are kind, they're cheerful, and they rarely fly off the handle, on account of the time it takes for the anger to spread through them. They aren't aggressive either, because they can't run.

So let's get fat, everybody, and let the devil eat kohlrahl. We're on the side of the angel cake. □

Translated by Miriam Arad. By arrangement with "Ma'ariv."

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1977

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JOE CHAIKIN is one of the contemporary American theatre's most important presences. An early member of the Living Theatre, he later became the founder of the Open Theatre, where he directed the trail-blazing "America Hurrah," which was written by his close collaborator Jean-Claude Van Hulle. He is a prominent actor, teacher and theoretician of the theatre, who set down his philosophy in the book "The Presence of the Actor."

Chaikin, recently has developed a close association with theatre in Israel. (His links to the country are much older; his mother was born in Petah Tikva.) This week, Chaikin brought to a close his three-week "Integrated Workshop of Israeli Actors" in Jerusalem (the second in two years). He was assisted by his actress-sister Shami Chaikin, and actor Bruce Myers.

The trio worked with three groups of actors — one culled

from various theatres, a second from the Jerusalem Khan, and the third, a Haifa Theatre group now doing theatrical-communal work in Kiryat Shmona. The workshop was organized by the Israel Centre of the International Theatre Institute.

CHAIKIN and his associates are not orthodox acting teachers; they don't follow a specific school. In fact, their system is lack of system, a refusal to be tied down. Chaikin disbanded his Open Theatre when he concluded that the company had found answers. As Bruce Myers puts it: "If you have the answers, it's wrong. Start from the beginning."

What they tried to do here, during three weeks of hard work (three sessions daily), was to teach their students to stay open to new experiences and to develop the tools of their profession — the use of the body and the voice. They found the students willing to

Avoiding a pattern

THEATRE
Mendel Kohansky

absorb every bit of new knowledge, and limited in the range in which their bodies and voices are used.

What interests Chaikin most in Israel is the development of native drama here where "existence is different from any other place on the planet." Native drama is what brings out the best in actors; they respond much more readily to material which is close to them. He saw a performance of the Haifa Theatre's *The Night of the Twenties*, Yehoshua Sobol's play about the inner struggles of the early *halutzim*, and was impressed by the

tremendous flow of energy between stage and audience.

Working in Jerusalem has been a powerful experience for him. "We come out of the room where we work trying to create theatre which is all about intensity, and we find the streets more intense, more dramatic. It is a city of longing, Arab longing, Christian longing, my own longing. And those dramatic costumes people wear. They make most of the costumes one sees in the theatre seem unimaginative."

THE JERUSALEM experience is bound to have an effect on Chaikin's next American production, a revival of S. Ansky's *The Dybbuk*. He has been familiar with the play, with its dark, intense mystery, since he was five, when he heard his parents speak of it. He has wanted to do it since he became a stage director.

When Joseph Papp, the prodigious New York producer,

asked Chaikin to direct a play for the Public Theatre, he insisted that it be *The Dybbuk*. Rehearsals will start as soon as he gets back to New York. He refuses to speak of his approach to the play, claiming that he never knows those things before he starts working with the cast, which will include his two associates in the workshop.

The production will open in a small off-Broadway theatre. Should it become a commercial success, as have other Papp off-Broadway productions, it will probably wind up in one of the big Broadway houses for a long run.

This could prove difficult for Chaikin. Throughout his professional life, he has avoided commercial success as artistically debilitating. Indeed, one of the reasons for the closing of the Open Theatre was the popularity of *Viet Rock* and *America Hurrah*, which caused the actors to get "into that terrible, hollow success thing." □

Hitler's main mistake was not winning the war.

It was certainly not much fun being an Austrian. It had been more fun making history than teaching it. Without my questioning, it would not have occurred to him to think about all these things. He certainly did not know all the answers. Did I?

I GOT AN EVEN clearer view of what went on in the mind of an Austrian "Aryan" when I visited my father's old store. A neighbour had taken it over, thereby enlarging his own shop.

"Oh yes," said the owner's wife, "we remember your father." She was visibly relieved when it turned out that my visit was just a sentimental one, and told me about how she and her family had suffered during the war. They had been bombed.

And then, as if it had just occurred to her, she added, "Isn't it funny? We who stayed behind were bombed, and those who emigrated now want restitution."

ON LATER trips, I did not search any more. If you ask no leading questions, the Viennese are very pleasant indeed. Vienna is a baroque gem; and the Alpine scenery is heartbreakingly beautiful. □

The author, a former Israeli diplomat, is now a political commentator for a Boston newspaper.

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ROSH HASHANA



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הכרזה מן האל

